

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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ASTONISHING STORY OF A CAT

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IN THE TRACK OF MARCO POLO

WHAT LIFE IS LIKE IN THE PAMIRS

The Roof of the World Once
Under the Sea

A GREAT TRAVELLER TALKS

Bam-i-Dunya, which is Persian for "the roof of the world," is the name of the mysterious country in Central Asia known as the Pamirs. The country lies at a height that is seldom below twelve thousand feet.

Sir Percy Sykes, the great Oriental traveller, has been telling the Society of Arts of his recent travels in this remarkable region, where he followed in the footsteps of Marco Polo.

Arriving at one of the principal cities, Bulunkul, Sir Percy said he was met by a leading chief, Osman Bey; and his sister, Miss Ella Sykes, who was his travelling companion on his adventurous journey, was taken in charge by Osman Bey's four wives.

Where Wives are Bought

These ladies were dressed in flowery chintz, their coats were padded with cotton, they had long leather boots, their headgear consisted of rolls of muslin wound round on a wooden frame, and they had necklaces of red coral and silver, with long pendants. They greatly appreciated tea, biscuits, and sweetmeats, but they were hard-working ladies nevertheless, milking the herds, spinning the cloth, and busy with the cooking. In that country wives are bought, and rich men have four, for which they pay one hundred sheep each, but this is set off to some extent by the dowry of the bride, which consists of jewellery, household goods, and perhaps livestock.

Sir Percy Sykes and his party travelled on yaks, which grunted like pigs. Although slow-moving, these beasts are very sure-footed, and are able to go up and down places that are too steep for mules or ponies. They are quite docile when tended by Asiatics, but detest Europeans.

Sea Shells on Mountain Heights

The party started off one midsummer morning in a foot of snow, but before noon the sun came out fiercely, the snow disappeared, the heat was intense; there was a peal of thunder in the mountains; a sharp shower fell from a cloudless sky, and an icy blast blew, although the sun was shining brightly in the heavens.

Although this country is one of the coldest in the world it has no houses. The people live on the products of their flocks, and therefore are obliged to camp and to change their poor grazing grounds constantly. High up on these mountains, more than a thousand miles in a straight line from the Indian Ocean, Sir Percy Sykes found a number of seashells,

The Horse Has a Rise in the World



Earl Haig has been urging us not to think that the day of the horse is over, and certainly horses were never finer than they are today, after centuries of careful selection and treatment by man. Here, for example, is a splendid jump being made by a lady rider while practising for a display at Wembley

proving that these giant peaks were once under the sea.

Sir Percy also told the Society about his visit to the neighbouring Chinese Turkestan. In Yarkand, a dirty, tumbledown town, trade is carried on with the Indian Empire across the Karakoram Pass. The track is open only for six months of the year, and it crosses range after range of the highest peaks of Asia. Through storms and avalanches and flooded rivers the travellers take away from Yarkand hemp and silk, and bring back in exchange muslins, spices, and brocades.

Hereabouts was one of the earliest homes of the silk industry. Silk was exported from here 2000 years ago across Persia to Rome, where it was sold for its weight in gold. The Chinese wanted to keep the silk industry to themselves, and anyone smuggling the eggs out of the country did so under pain of death. But the Emperor Justinian of Rome made great efforts to secure some of the precious eggs, and it is one of the romances of industry how a tiny consignment was carried in a bamboo cane from here to Constantinople by Persian monks, who thus, in the middle of the

sixth century, founded one of the staple industries of the West.

Miss Ella Sykes supplemented her brother's narrative. She told how the women in these regions, although they work hard, are very happy and independent. She watched them riding into market, managing their horses perfectly, and driving their sheep and goats. They had their little square veils, but never let them down except in the towns.

Women are so highly valued in some parts of the Pamirs that a man with many daughters is looked upon as a most fortunate fellow. Every now and again an eligible suitor comes along, not rich in worldly goods, and he serves for a term of years the father of the lady of his choice, as Jacob served for Rachel. At the end of the service the father provides the young couple with a home and livestock. The women do all the work in this part of the world, looking after the flocks and herds, making the cheese, attending to the cooking, weaving the cloths, even making the felts for covering their beehive dwellings. In fact, said Miss Sykes, they resemble the lady in the Book of Proverbs, whose price is above rubies.

THE BLACK COUNTRY SLOWLY SINKING

New Railway Line Falls in and Houses Crack

FIRE, FLOOD, AND SUBSIDENCE

The Black Country, the cradle of Britain's industrial greatness, is slowly but surely sinking.

It is being devastated by the very things which made it so valuable to hundreds of industries. Fire, floods, and subsidences are contributing to its decay, and they seem beyond the power of man to restrain.

Four years ago the C.N. explained how a hundred million tons of coal were lost by the flooding of the South Staffordshire mines; how, later, the sinking of the ground caused buildings to tilt and split, and how the subterranean fires burning in some of the old mines frequently endangered the property built on the surface above them.

A Street Sinks Five Feet

Now the danger from the subsidences is becoming more acute. In one place a new railway line has fallen in during its construction; in another the ground collapsed not many yards from the new Birmingham-to-Wolverhampton road now being made. At Old Hill a street has sunk five feet, the walls of houses and offices have begun to part company, windows have cracked, door steps have split in two, and altogether the inhabitants have found that living above a flooded coal mine is far from being a pleasant experience. One family had to leave the bedrooms hurriedly because cracks suddenly made their appearance in the walls.

Worse May Lead to Better

Nowhere is the Black Country beautiful, and these subsidences have made it much worse. Whole rows of houses have now a crazy, topsy-turvy appearance, which makes it appear as if a giant had been walking beneath them, pushing the ground up with his back as he went!

Nothing can be done, it seems, to stop this falling-in of the ground, and there are some who think the Black Country will go on sinking more as time goes on. Evidently its industrial greatness is past, and if the slow sinking means that some of these grimy towns must be abandoned or rebuilt there will be few who will regret the fact that natural forces have driven man at last to take in hand this desirable work.

HOLES FOR POLES

A sort of huge auger bit is being used in America to dig holes for telephone and telegraph poles.

Mounted on a tractor, this remarkable machine is said to bore a hole in the ground two feet in diameter and eight feet deep in one minute. It also has a derrick for raising the poles and lowering them into the ground.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A CAT

TWO NURSES AND THEIR DUMB FRIEND

Escape from a Basket and an
Unexpected Meeting

PUZZLE OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

We have received an extraordinary story of cat life and character from a nurse who reads the C.N. The story, astonishing as it is, is true, and is the experience of our contributor, who is the survivor of the two friends in the story.

Not long ago two nurses, who were close friends, had a very intelligent black cat named Nibs. They talked to him a good deal, made a companion of him, and taught him a number of little tricks.

Presently they found themselves engaged in a hard fight with epidemic influenza. Suddenly the younger of the two herself went down with the disease. So swift was the attack that she found herself helpless, and her calls to her friend, who slept upstairs, were not heard. But Nibs, who was in the lower room, understood, went upstairs, jumped on the bed, roused the sleeper, and with cries led her downstairs.

Nibs Makes His Escape

The fight for life which followed proved in vain, and the surviving friend, leaving Nibs under the care of other friends close by, went away for three months of rest. After a week or two the cat reappeared disconsolately about the hospital where he had lived, evidently searching for his lost mistress, and in such a miserable plight that it was thought the kindest course to "put him to sleep." So he was sent in a basket quite a long way from what had been his home, but when the veterinary surgeon's place was reached Nibs dashed away as the basket was opened, and was lost.

No one expected to see him again, for between the place of his escape and the part of the town he knew lay a river, a railway, and the busiest streets.

Meeting at the Graveside

On the first day of her return the nurse went to the cemetery where her friend lay at rest to put on her grave some flowers, which she carried in a bag that had belonged to her friend. With her she also took a little dog that had been her friend's. While she was arranging the flowers on the grave a cat appeared from among the neighbouring graves, sniffed at the bag, and pawed it with evident signs of recognition and with joyful meowing.

It was Nibs, though he was scarcely recognisable. A wounded eye, which had been one of the reasons why he had been sent away to secure an easy death, was now sightless, and there was no mistaking two triangular nips out of his ears, one caused through an accident when young, and one gained in warfare.

The Problem of Recognition

He followed his friend the nurse from the cemetery, and was carried back to his old home, where he has settled down again into the old ways, and has even resumed, with his sorrowing friend, the tricks which he learned before the trouble came and broke up the household, making him a wanderer, and giving one of his mistresses a lifelong sorrow.

That is the story as it reaches the C.N. The most extraordinary part of it is the meeting in the cemetery, but Nibs may have recognised the dog and its mistress and have followed them without being noticed before the cemetery was reached. The recognition of material things like the bag is a habit with many cats. They seem to know if any fresh piece of furniture is brought into the house where they live, and so, presumably, they know whatever is usual there, and a personal belonging like a bag is very likely to be recognised.

MOTHER OF THE C.N.

KANSAS BURNS THE C.E.

Children Must Not Know More
Than Their Parents

THREE STATES MAKE THEMSELVES RIDICULOUS

Tennessee is not the only State in America that is making itself ridiculous by copying Mrs. Partington.

That old lady trying to mop up the sea was a comical sight, but it is comical and pitiful also to see the powers of three great States seized by ignorant people who think they can sweep back the sea of human knowledge. They have now begun to try to sweep away the Mother of the C.N., the Children's Encyclopedia.

The ridiculous law passed by the State Parliament of Tennessee is being made the occasion for a great booming of the village of Dayton—not the Dayton in Ohio, which has a real distinction as the birthplace of flying, but the Dayton which the American newspapers have now christened Monkeyville, because the people of this village imagine, as ignorant people everywhere do, that Evolution means that human beings are descended from monkeys. Dayton, as we record elsewhere, is trying a school teacher for the crime of teaching what every scientist knows to be true, and one of its precious proposals was to install a microphone in the court so that all America could listen-in to Dayton.

The Ku Klux Klan

In the State of Oregon, where the childish organisation known as the Ku Klux Klan has had great power, a law was passed which would have done away with all private schools, but the Supreme Court of the United States has abolished the law on the ground that it is against the Federal Constitution.

The third State to make itself ridiculous of late is Kansas, which has the same ideas about science as they have away down in Tennessee.

It happens that the Children's Encyclopedia, out of which the Children's Newspaper grew, has been the most successful educational book, and one of the most successful of all books, ever sold in America, and we now read in the newspapers that the people of a town in Kansas are so angry with Evolution that they have taken the copy of the C.E. out of the library of their public school, and burned it in the street.

They will not let their children read a book which tells them more than they know themselves.

Fortunately there are other copies. Already there are about a million sets in the States, and the C.E. will not perish.

S.S. UNIVERSITY

An Old C.N. Idea Coming True

A sea-going university is to set sail from New York in September on an eight months' tour round the world.

The s.s. University will have 450 men students aboard, and a brilliant staff drawn from the leading American Universities. This great 18,000-ton liner has been fitted up simply and economically with dormitory and other accommodation, and she will visit 35 countries.

The usual curriculum will be observed, and the land universities will grant standing to students who spend the year on this floating establishment.

This is an old C.N. idea, with advantages very decided and very obvious. We still hope to see the day when school children will have the opportunity of finishing their school course on a ship that will take them round the world.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD LADY

Her Happy Life in Three
Generations

A TALE THE QUEEN MUST LOVE TO TELL

A very delightful old lady has passed away. She lived among us till she was 89, but that was not nearly long enough. She was one of those people endowed with eternal youth.

She was Lady Constance Leslie, and she was born, of an old-fashioned aristocratic father and a beautiful mother, in 1836.

It is extraordinary to think that until a week or two ago there was an old lady living in London who remembered quite well Queen Victoria's mother.

Seventy years ago she went down for Ascot week and dined at Windsor Castle. Imagine her, sweet and gay in crinolines, with a bonnet and a parasol, and a stiff little nosegay! When she came back to London one of the first people she saw driving down Piccadilly—another Piccadilly then, with lovely, high-stepping horses and fine carriages—was the Emperor of France.

A Soldier Artist

When she was twenty Lady Constance married Captain John Leslie of the Life Guards, who painted pictures in his spare time and on occasions saw them hung in the Royal Academy. He painted in a period when there was a tendency for the public to be influenced in judgment of a picture by its title. One canvas of his was very popular. It was called, "Children, Christ died for you."

Lady Constance was very happy as mistress of Bute House on Campden Hill, among artist friends like Watts, Holman Hunt, Landseer, and Millais. She was a valued figure in the art circle, and sorely missed when she went away. Captain John in course of time inherited the Leslie estates in Monaghan and Donegal, and Lady Constance drifted away, with her racy stories that were never unkind, and her sweet ways, to Glaslough in Ireland.

A Pretty Mistake

Presently the husband was returned as M.P. for North Ulster, and Lady Constance came back to London, "married off" her four girls, and settled down to be a faithful Ulsterite and a good Churchwoman, her two religions. Everybody who had a chance of meeting her seized the opportunity, for who could gossip of the old days as she could?

The old lady never lost her wit or her bright intellect, but she became rather short-sighted as age took her. There is a delightful story, quite true, which the Queen must love telling and hearing told. Old Lady Constance chanced to meet Queen Mary walking about in an art gallery, and peering at her, as short-sighted people do, she smiled and said: *Do tell me your name. I must know it, for I remember so well your kind face.*

A RAILWAY ON THE TABLE

A Dinner at the Crystal Palace

A model railway was built along the whole length of the first table at the centenary banquet to the delegates of the International Railway Congress.

The dinner was at the Crystal Palace and there were 1500 guests from many nations. On each of the smaller tables a section of railway line, complete with signals and other fittings, ran from a cutting built up of sand, stones, and flowers; and when the guests walked into the grounds after dinner they were greeted by firework figures of Stephenson's first locomotive and a modern express engine.

WEATHERING THE STORM

A Tale of Three
Mrs. Partridges

THE COURAGE OF THE HAYFIELD

Boys and girls who live in the country look eagerly for harvest time. Apart from the fun of helping there is always the excitement of seeing what surprises will be revealed when the mowing machine gets to work. All during the spring and early summer a lot of secrets hide safely in the long grass of meadow land, and in the forests of corn and rye.

A reader of the C.N. has watched a pretty drama work itself out. Hay-makers were busy in a large field. Swish went the blade of the machine across the meadow, laying the grass down in beautiful long swathes.

The C.N. reader was following and watching. Suddenly she stood still in horror. She saw the blade go over a bird. It was a sitting partridge. The bird seemed to know by instinct what to do. She squeezed herself as flat as could be, and the blade just shaved one or two outer feathers.

Courage Rewarded

Mrs. Partridge did not move. She just sat there, still as death. Then it transpired that not far away two more partridges were sitting, and each had escaped in the same way.

In amazement those who were watching saw that the little brown mothers, courageous as only mothers can be, refused to leave their nests. They sat on and on, and, as if for a reward, a little hay presently fell over them, and they were able to go on pretending they were not there.

The three Mrs. Partridges made little peep-holes for themselves in the hay, and saw everything that went on, you may be sure, and talked to each other about it. Kind eyes watched them from afar and they were not disturbed, and now their broods are fluttering about them. Their hopes are fulfilled, and they are happy.

THINGS SAID

Do not be afraid of evolution; it is the hope of the world. *Sir Oliver Lodge*

Every country has a duty to the world. *Professor Gilbert Murray*

Main streets depend on mean streets for labour, and neglect of the slums is a danger to all. *Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter*

We may be an honest nation, but we are not clever. *Dr. Alington*

Nothing of what is seen in Palestine could have been dreamed of but for Zionism. *Lord Balfour*

To improve is to change: to be perfect is to change often. *Mr. Churchill*

It is only a man like Bumble who says "The law is a hass," and he was one. *The Recorder of London*

The salvation of the country rests in the application by the whole nation of the spirit of self-help. *Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister*

It is the newest and highest parts of the brain that are most liable to be upset. Alcohol, even in moderate doses, takes them from their sentry-go. *Sir Arthur Keith*

Another war would destroy European civilisation past possibility of recovery. *Viscount Grey*

We all have but one object—to make war impossible if we can, and if we cannot attain that, to make it as remote a danger as it is possible for ingenuity and goodwill to make it.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

MR. MERCATOR

Who Was He and What Did He Do?

THE MAN WHO SQUARED THE MAP

It is part of the legacy left us by Mr. Mercator (whoever he may be) that we do not realise that the shortest way to Japan is via Dundee and the North Pole.

Mr. Amery

Now who was Mr. Mercator, and what did he do? The Colonial Secretary ought to know. Yet all that most of us know about him is that certain maps in our atlases are drawn on Mercator's Projection.

Well, Mercator's real name was Gerhard Kremer, but it was then the fashion to take Latin names, and he called himself Gerardus Mercator. He was born at Rupelmonde in Flanders in 1512, and studied at Louvain. He must have had an extraordinary passion for maps, for when only 22 he started a geographical establishment, and when he died at 82 he was still map-making.

Getting Out of Date

The important thing about his work is that he was the first great geographer to break away from the theories of Ptolemy, the Egyptian astronomer whose wrong ideas had gone unchallenged for centuries; but what really made him famous was his idea of maps with the parallels and meridians drawn at right angles, so that they appear flat. He published in 1568 "a planisphere for use in navigation," the first map ever drawn on Mercator's Projection.

Everyone since has found flat maps very useful, and nearly every modern atlas uses the system; our C.N. map is on Mercator's Projection. The only disadvantage of such maps is that they increase the size of the regions farthest from the Equator and so give us a wrong impression.

Of course, the Polar regions did not matter much 400 years ago, but what Mr. Amery says points out that with the Arctic becoming more important Mr. Mercator and his projection will soon be out of date.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TELESCOPE

Mount Wilson to Lose a Distinction?

It is probable that the giant reflecting telescope now in use at Mount Wilson in California will soon lose its place as the biggest telescope in the world. Plans are being made for the erection of a still bigger one on Mount Salève, near Geneva, at an altitude of over four thousand feet.

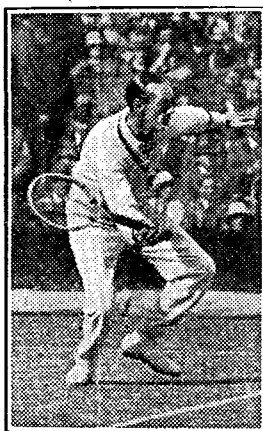
Two American scientists are experimenting near Paris with the very difficult business of casting a great disc of glass for the mirror, and they hope eventually to make a disc twice as big as that at Mount Wilson, or nearly seventeen feet across. Such a mirror would weigh several tons, and would have to be carried up the mountain side by a specially constructed tractor.

Workmen are already engaged in making a road up the side of Mount Salève, and work on the observatory itself will begin as soon as the size of the mirror has been determined.

A meteorological station will be built on the mountain, as well as a wireless receiving station sufficiently powerful to keep in touch with weather conditions all over the world.

The success of the new telescope will depend almost entirely on the atmospheric conditions prevailing on Mount Salève, and these will have to be at least as good as, if not better than, those on Mount Wilson if the new instrument is to compete seriously with the present hundred-inch. But if the conditions are good the new telescope is certain to show many millions of stars that are beyond the reach of present instruments.

FAMOUS KNIGHTS OF THE RACQUET



Mr. J. O. Anderson
Australia



Mr. R. Casey
United States



Monsieur R. Lacoste
France



Mademoiselle Lenglen
France



Miss McKane
England



Baron de Morpurgo
Italy



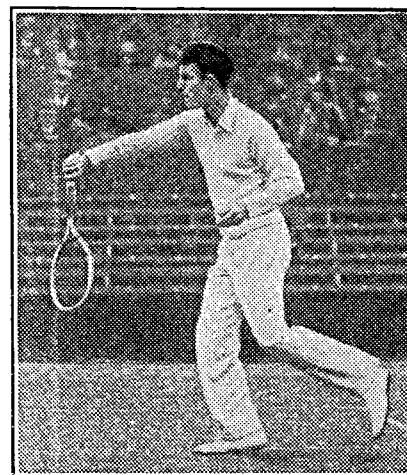
Miss E. Colyer
England



Monsieur J. Washer
Belgium



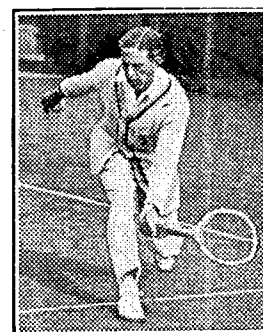
Monsieur J. Borotra
France



Mr. J. Hennessy
United States



Madame Billout
France



Mr. J. B. Gilbert
England



Miss Ryan
United States

All lovers of healthy outdoor games and international contests have had their eyes on Wimbledon, where the great championships have been decided. Here we see some of the most distinguished knights of the game, both men and women, who have been competing in the lists against one another for the highest honours

AMERICAN BRIDGE OF UNITY

DREAM COMING TRUE

From Lincoln in his Chair to the Unknown Warrior Asleep

MEMORIAL OF OLD WARS

America is just beginning to build a bridge she has dreamed of for three-quarters of a century.

It might be said that America is always building bridges, that this is just another, and that it happens to fall across the Potomac River. It is something more. This fine bridge will be a spiritual bond joining two halves of a nation and linking past with present.

It will be the Bridge of the Unity of the American People, and its roadway will go from the great Lincoln Memorial to the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Arlington Cemetery.

President Jackson Thinks it Out

About ten years before the American Civil War broke out Andrew Jackson, seventh president, suggested a superb bridge across the Potomac. It was to be a symbol of something that was still an idealist's dream—the unshakeable union of the North and South. Before the dream could come true American unity broke on the rock of slavery, and, instead of being linked in friendship and love, North was fighting South.

The dreadful war over, America was reminded of Jackson's dream bridge, but nothing was done. Now, in 1925, the work has begun and it promises to be one of the most magnificent war memorials in the world.

The bridge will start at the spot where the Lincoln Memorial, a stately classic temple surrounded by huge marble columns, stands by the dreaming river.

A Long Vista

The arches will come to rest on Columbia Island in the Potomac. Across this island the roadway will run in a straight line, span with one arch a narrow strip of water, and so reach the Virginia shore. There the bridge road will fork, one branch climbing the Arlington Heights to the old home of General Lee, the leader of the Southern States in the Civil War, and the other running along to end at a Memorial Gateway of the great soldiers' cemetery.

The bridge is planned on massive lines. It is to be of stone faced with the lovely Colorado marble of which the Lincoln Cenotaph is made, and its pillared entrances will accord with the Ionic beauty of the Memorial. The whole structure is to be kept simple in style and as low as is consistent with good engineering, so that the magnificent view of the Lincoln Shrine from Columbia Island will not be spoiled.

There will be nine arches from the Washington shore to the island, the central one a steel construction that could be raised to let vessels go by. The total length from one entrance to another will be 2138 feet, the breadth 90 feet clear, allowing 60 feet for kerbed roadway and 15 feet each for the two outer sidewalks.

Lest We Forget

The new bridge will have a finer symbolism than Jackson could have dreamed of, for he knew nothing of the bitter civil strife to come and could not have imagined anything so appalling as the Great War in Europe. Boys and girls living in a generation to come, when, please God, war shall be no more, will flock to this memorial and see History's finger there, pointing a story!

They will look at the long stately lines of road and greenery that run from the Capitol and the Washington Column down to the Lincoln Memorial and on across the river to the Arlington Heights and graves, and they will be reminded of the bitter agony of those who fought for the cause of freedom and an ideal.

MOVING PICTURES OF THE HEART NEW USE OF X-RAYS The Tell-tale Ribbon with a Wavy Edge

WONDERFUL APPARATUS

Some day, perhaps soon, when the doctor comes round, instead of taking out his stethoscope and listening at your chest, and nodding his head gravely and saying, "Yes, I thought so," he will bring along an instrument, connect it up to a socket in the wall, and—bif-z-z—so secure a picture of your heart: a moving picture, too, showing how the heart looks when it beats.

At the last meeting of the Röntgen Society Dr. Robert Knox described a device for taking what is practically a cinematograph picture of the heart movements. He does it in this way. The patient stands with his chest in front of an X-ray tube. The tube is covered by a sheet of lead, through which X-rays cannot pass, but there is in the lead a narrow horizontal slit which allows a beam of X-rays to come through, just as light comes through an open lath in a venetian blind, and this beam is directed upon the patient's heart.

Then he has a moving frame containing some photographic film which is made to move vertically past the slit. The beam of X-rays is allowed to fall upon the heart for eight seconds, and during that time the film is moved sixteen inches. As the positions are so arranged that the edge of the slit projects clear of the heart's shadow it is possible to tell from the picture obtained on the film how the edge of the heart has moved during those eight seconds.

What the Picture Shows

What the picture shows, of course, is not the familiar shape of the heart, like a bird in its cage. It shows something that looks like a ribbon with a wavy edge. The wavy edge corresponds to the beats of the heart, the movements of the auricles and ventricles, which are the chambers of the heart, and by studying this shadow the doctor can make out anything wrong in the way the heart acts, if it misses a beat, what is the tone and contractile power of its muscles, whether its rhythm is regular, and so on.

It has been possible to show the heart by X-rays for years past, but to get a moving X-ray picture of the heart is a more difficult proposition. Even now only thin people can be examined in this way, because in the case of stout people the rays are not strong enough to get through the tissues and give the image of the heart. But as the apparatus for generating X-rays becomes more powerful it will be possible to study the heart at much closer quarters.

ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE THE C.N.'S SISTER

The C.N.'s sister, the Children's Pictorial, tells from week to week the story of the world in pictures. There is also a unique picture record of natural events taking place in the countryside at home, and we are shown in another series of pictures how the threshing machine prepares the corn for the mill.

There is a splendid set of historic costumes which may be coloured, cut out, and fitted on to a figure of the early Tudor period.

With all its interesting stories, from literature, science, and Nature, and its Bran Tub full of lucky dips for readers of all ages, there is no better value than the Children's Pictorial, twopence.

FORGOTTEN HERO The Boy Bugler of the Crimea

C.N. DISCOVERS HIS NAME

A bugle note sounded in the C.N. has found an astonishing echo in the recollections of two of our readers.

The note told the story of a forgotten, nameless bugler boy in the Crimean War. When his regiment lay before Sebastopol the boy used to declare, much to the amusement of the men, that he would find a Russian bugler boy and take his bugle from him to bring back to the English lines.

One day, after a sortie by the Russians, the bugler boy was missing. But he came back, and he brought with him a Russian bugle! He had done what he promised. The General commanding the division heard of the feat, bought the bugle, and recommended the boy for the Victoria Cross. He never got it, because he was too young, but the boy and his bugle were a story in the regiment long years afterwards, though everybody had forgotten his name, including the retired officer of ninety who told the story again a few weeks ago.

Telling His Battles O'er Again

But two good C.N. readers, the Evangelist Brothers Fraser, who have lately been conducting a mission in Belfast, saw the story, and recognised the bugler boy, for they knew him when he had become an old man! His name was Bugler William Fulton, and, in Mr. Fraser's words to us, he laid aside his warrior clothes a few years ago, his day's work ended and the long fight done.

While he lived the old soldier was very proud of his old Crimean feat. He often came to the Frasers' house in Glasgow, and often told the story. He had a poem which some admirer had written about his feat, and this he gave to his friends as a great treasure. They have it still. But what they treasure even more is the memory of the old soldier pacing the floor and telling his battles o'er again; and the C.N. is glad to have been the means of rescuing the scene and the name of the hero from oblivion.

ADVENTURE OF A MOOSE

An Odd Customer at the Lock Gates

HOW IT GOT THROUGH

There are often odd customers at the lock gates of the big Canadian canal at Sault Sainte Marie, through which thousands of steamers ply between Lake Superior and Lake Huron.

A few weeks ago the men who work the lock saw vast numbers of rainbow trout go down, and the other day a young moose was a passenger. It was seen swimming down the lock, which is 900 feet long. As it approached the gates at the lower end some men in a boat threw a rope round its neck and towed it to the canal wall; then they secured it round the middle with another rope, hauled it out of the lock, and set it free below the gates.

The moose was nearly exhausted when it was rescued, and without the help of the boatmen it would never have been able to get through the lock. But in a few minutes it took to the water again, and continued its voyage downstream.

There are two canals at Sault Sainte Marie, one on the Canadian and one on the American shore. They were both built to allow big steamers to avoid the rapids of St. Mary's River, and now 18,000 ships go through them every year. Between them they have about three times as much traffic as the Suez Canal.

THE LEAGUE AND ITS SEVEN C'S What They Are and What They Do

A LOOK ROUND AT GENEVA

It is possible, even for regular readers of the C.N., sometimes to feel a little puzzled about the different parts of the League of Nations; and other people, besides boys and girls, might not like to answer an examination question on them.

Take for example the seven C's: Council, Committees, Commissions, Conferences, Conventions, Civil Service, Covenant. What are they each separately, and how do they work together?

Everyone could answer what the Council is, a small group of government representatives which is the acting management of the League. Four countries keep their places permanently, Britain, France, Italy, Japan; the others may change each year. It has just held another session. It distributes much of its work to Committees, which each have a special subject and are composed sometimes of experts, sometimes of Government representatives, sometimes of both, meeting in Geneva.

Other work of the Council requiring investigation on the spot (perhaps a dispute to be settled, a boundary to be fixed, a question of minority rights to be decided) is entrusted to Commissions, groups of men of different nationalities and special qualifications, who travel to the various places to get first-hand information and who stay there as long as is necessary.

Suggestions to Governments

Questions concerning a large number of nations are settled by Conferences called together for the special purpose.

The usual result of a conference is a Convention, a list of suggestions for the future regulation of the particular matter in hand which is sent to every Government for consideration. If approved the convention then becomes law for those countries which ratify it.

For all the work which is entailed by the meetings of these committees, commissions, conferences, and council, the League has its Civil Service, stationed in Geneva, and more usually called the Secretariat.

The seventh C, the Covenant, is the ground plan on which all these parts of the League work. Nothing may be done which is against the letter or the spirit of the Covenant, the solemn pledge of the nations to work together to achieve international peace and goodwill.

A PIANO PLAYED ALL OVER

What a Russian Play Was Like

Tchekhov's wonderful Russian play The Cherry Orchard has been lately seen on the English stage. One of our greatest critics, after being at a performance, felt that it was so grand and so different from most plays that "it sends one into the street feeling like a piano played upon at last, not in the middle only, but all over the keyboard, and with the lid left open, so that the sound goes on."

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A painting by Watteau . . .	£4700
400 Elizabethan Proclamations . . .	£3675
A first folio Shakespeare . . .	£3500
A first folio Shakespeare . . .	£1750
Drawing by Birket Foster . . .	£651
15th-century Flemish MS. . .	£580
A gold Trafalgar medal . . .	£320
An Army of India medal . . .	£200
A George I teapot, 1725 . . .	£109
British Guinea 4-cents stamp . . .	£76
A needlework carpet, 1740-45 . . .	£63

WHAT TENNESSEE DOES NOT LIKE JOHN SCOPE'S LITTLE SCHOOL LESSON

The Wise Men of Dayton Challenge the World

A LAW AGAINST EVOLUTION

At the beginning of term in the Dayton High School, Tennessee, U.S.A., the teacher of biology, Mr. John Scope, stood up before his class to tell them some of the principles on which the science of life was founded.

Nothing in our poor human knowledge is certain, he warned them, but before we can progress with any science we must try to find the laws.

We can never know the whole of life, and we are far from knowing how it began or was created, but it does seem to us, from long and patient watching of the forms life takes, that it is continually striving to mount higher.

The simplest germs of life, mere specks of living jelly, the worms, the creatures that live in the ooze of the sea, the oysters and crabs, the reptiles, the birds, and the warm-blooded mammals which give milk to their young, all these surely obey the same impulse to rise higher. Can we find a law which governs them in obeying this impulse?

Law of Useful Progression

When God put life on the Earth He could have had no wish that it should for ever remain stagnant. He made it obedient to the same law of useful progression. The speck of jelly had a better chance of living if it could move to seek its food. So out of it arose a newer form of life which had little threads that enabled it to move about.

In the course of ages the animals came out of the sea. Like the progressive molluscs and fishes they felt the need of new organs. The demand created the supply. They got themselves lungs, or legs, or wings. Without them they could not live in the free air.

The Developing Instinct

If we try to find some Law which governs and controls all these changes we may find it in one which bids any form of life adapt itself to the surroundings in which it has to live. It has to develop for itself the organs best suited to its way of life. This developing instinct is called evolution. The animal evolves for itself the bodily form best suited to continuing from parent to child and grandchild through the generations to come.

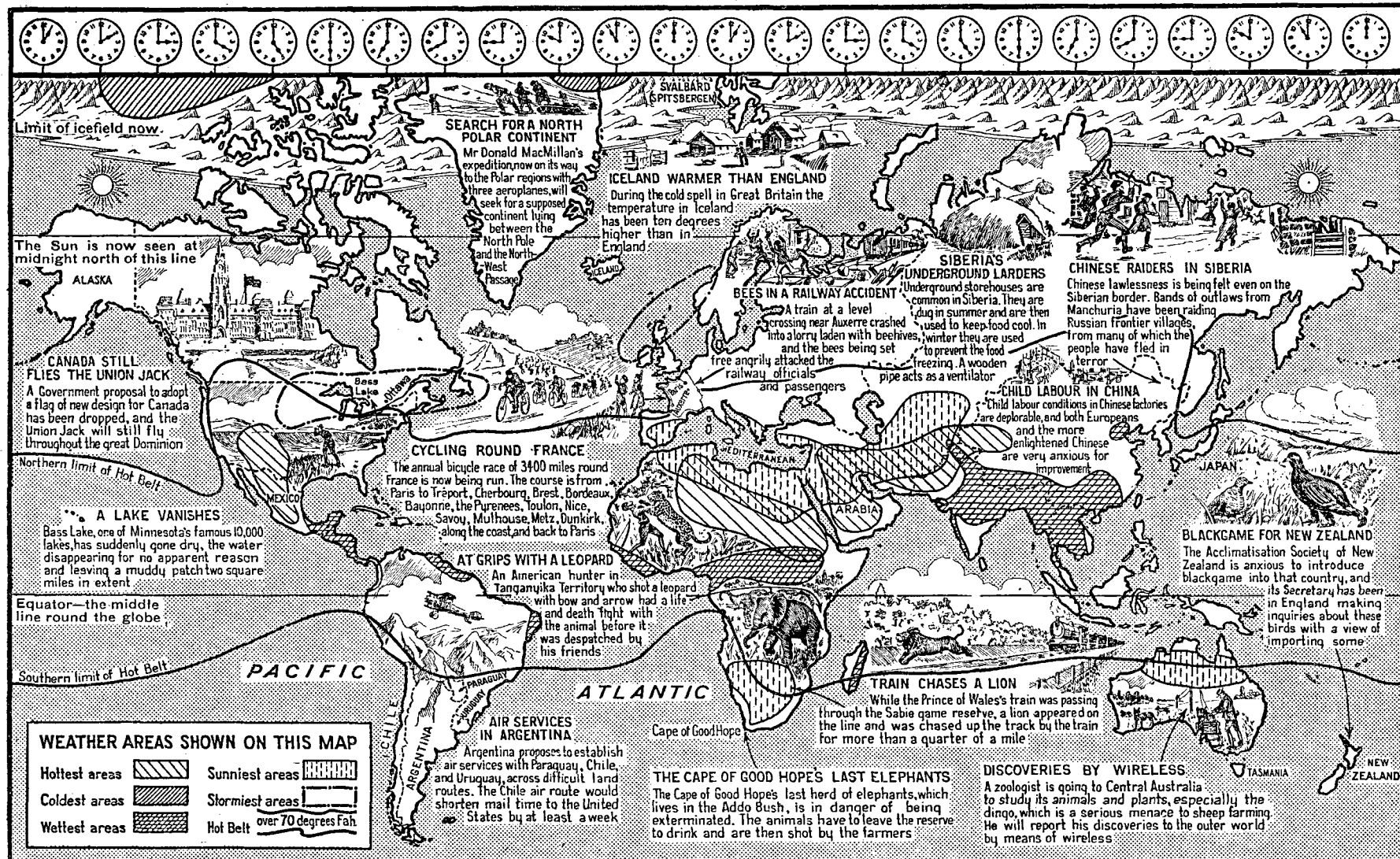
This is the Law of Evolution, which seems a simpler thing to believe than that God, instead of bidding life to raise itself, should have continually intervened to create every new form of the innumerable different forms of life.

All America Excited

Such was the substance of the lecture which Mr. John Scope delivered to his class. But because the State of Tennessee cannot understand its real simplicity and its humble faith Mr. John Scope has appeared before the Dayton County Court for breaking the law! For Tennessee has made it a crime to teach this law of life which all wise men know to be true, to be God's way of building up the world; and all America is excited by the summoning of this young teacher, whose case is attracting the highest lawyers in the States and is filling the newspapers.

Tennessee, in a word, as the C.N. said some weeks ago, is still making itself ridiculous. The first step was the passing of a law forbidding the teaching of Evolution; the second was the summoning of John Scope; the third is not yet. What is as certain as the rising of the Sun is that the last step of all will be the unmaking of this law, and the restoration of the dignity of Tennessee.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



A CHINESE CUSTOM Where Foot-binding Still Goes On

SLOWNESS OF PROGRESS IN A GREAT EMPIRE

It takes many generations for an idea to spread from the centre to the circumference of a great empire, and a C.N. reader greatly interested in China reminds us that the passing of the custom of binding the feet of little girls, to which our Chinese correspondent referred the other day, is chiefly in the coast towns and the port cities; and that the practice still prevails widely in the heart of China.

While it is true that, as our correspondent said, "in the coast towns and port cities nearly all the young girls now have natural feet, and in most schools there girl students take physical exercises," this sensible and humane movement has not penetrated to central and northern China.

Some extracts from our reader's letter will show how great the need is for the rest of China to follow the wise example of the coast towns.

Foot-binding does not obtain in south China (our reader writes), but in central and north China the custom is carried out almost without exception. Our letters from central China every week show that nothing could be more heart-rending than this cruel custom. One says:

"It is quite usual to hear the moaning of the children as you pass down the streets, as they suffer with their bound feet. Generally it is done at five years of age, and little children who have been dancing about in all the joy of childhood are transformed into little old women."

So vast a country is China that, while some of its parts are under the sway of civilisation, there are other parts that are still in conditions of barbarism; and it is necessary that this fact should be generally recognised.

PORT OF MISSING MEN A Woman's Life Work

The C.N. has already told of the religious work and the bank conducted for sailors by the American Seamen's Institute.

Now we hear of another phase of its work, the Missing Men's Department. It is devoted to finding seamen for relatives who have heard nothing of them for years, and nearly 2000 missing sailors have been found for their relatives and friends since 1920.

A hundred inquiries every month are received, and every effort is made to find the missing men. A bulletin with the names is printed monthly and posted in almost every port in the world, and in many other ways the grand work goes on.

A wonderful woman called Mrs. Janet Roper has devoted her life to this work.

200,000 STAMPS

A Rare Collection for Oxford

Stamps have become a historical record of all the world, so much so that an Oxford astronomer, Mr. F. A. Bellamy, is offering his fine collection as a gift to the University. Something of its size and interest can be gathered from the fact that it includes a big library relating to stamps and postal history, and contains 200,000 items.

It is not widely known that about 1884 the Oxford colleges issued stamps of their own, which are now rare. Mr. Bellamy's collection contains the finest series of these stamps known, so that it should be doubly interesting to the University.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Croatia Cro-a-she-ah
Justinian Jus-tin-e-an
Karakoram Kah-rah-ko-ram
Ptolemy Tol-e-me

ONE CHURCH INSTEAD OF THREE Canada Leads the Way

The month of June saw one of the greatest religious developments in recent years when the Canadian Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches became the United Church of Canada.

Down the centuries the unfortunate tendency of the Protestant Churches has always been to split up into small units, and the leaders of the Church everywhere should be grateful to Canada for taking such a bold step.

The United Church of Canada will be a much greater force for good than the three Churches it sprang from could ever have been separately. Canada has set a splendid example to the world in bringing it about, and one that she is eagerly hoping other nations will follow. It has been left to a new country to tackle an old problem in a new way.

THE C.E.

How it Wins the Scholarships

We take the following from a letter sent the other day to the publishers of the Children's Encyclopedia:

My little boy gained a scholarship at Westminster City School (five and a half years' tuition) and I consider it very largely due to Mr. Mee's work.

When he came home I asked him what he wrote, and he said: All my reading on electricity in the Children's Encyclopedia came to me, and oh, is was a help; I worked it all in.

My boy is above the average for his age in general knowledge, and I know it is due to his love of the Children's Encyclopedia.

The new edition of the Children's Encyclopedia is now being sold in its complete form by the Educational Book Company, who will send a free prospectus to any C.N. reader who writes to 17, New Bridge Street, E.C.4.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WORLD A Splendid Idea to be Carried Out

We all know the value of books for telling us how other people live and work and think, and now Dr. Hagberg Wright, of the London Library, has had the fine idea of making each year a list of the best books of all the world.

Each country is to decide what it considers its best book published during the year, and to choose a certain number to be put in the list, the number being in proportion to the total number it publishes. The subjects are to include history, science, art, philosophy, books of travel, and, by consulting this list, anyone who is interested in studying the direction in which other countries are moving, their trend of thought, their point of view, their aspirations, may be assured of finding the right books to read.

The list will be a guide to the best literary effort and the highest intellectual activity of all the countries of the globe. Carlyle has said that the true university of our days is a collection of books. Here will be a university education for all of us, and a means of enormously increasing our understanding of other nations.

This splendid idea has to be put into practice, and here, as in every other international matter, the League of Nations supplies the only machinery for doing it effectively. Through its suggestion and encouragement many countries have set up National Committees for cooperating with it and with each other in intellectual work, and it is these committees that make it possible to draw up the list. Each one will appoint some qualified person to select the best books of his particular country, and then all will join to make the final list.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 11

1925

Be True

THE love of truth, of knowing and saying and acting the thing that really is, is the very core of manliness and goodness. Every one of us should get that so fixed in our minds that we can never forget it.

A man of science expressed a striking opinion the other day. He said the one part in modern life where love of truth reigns supreme is in the field of science. The scientist has no desire except to discover the real fact of anything he is studying. If he has any other feeling he is being false to the purpose of his search, which is to arrive at Truth.

Then the scientist went on to suggest, though with much less exactness, that in every other department of modern life love of truth is less conspicuous than its absence. But is it so?

It may be said that business, for instance, is chiefly getting the better of somebody else for profit; and that that cannot be done truthfully. But it ought also to be said that there is still much business done on the old British lines of strict integrity, which gained our country its good name throughout the world for honourable dealing.

It may be said that seeking the truth is not the chief purpose in politics. But that would be a hard saying. It is true that many people are sick at heart when they see how the advantage of Parties is made apparently a chief aim in politics; or how they are often used to benefit some single section of the community with small regard for the lasting welfare of the whole country.

But Party devotion is not as a rule dishonest. It is often only somewhat blind. Men start with the belief that the Party they prefer is acting for the country's good, and, believing that, they sometimes do not look frankly into their Party's proposals.

It may be said that religion too often thinks that all religious truth is known, and can have no farther growth or helpful change, and so truth is not sought for. But there is probably just as much loyal search for abiding truth in religion as in science, and it is carried on over a very wide range of earnest thought, not always in the name of religion.

The man of science may, perhaps, be more consciously on the track of truth than other inquirers, for many of his aims are definite, and he knows when he has attained them. But he is not exceptional in his wish to know what is best, and to make that the goal of his search. The inquiring spirit that will be satisfied with nothing but the highest truth works in all life, and is the unfailing source of human progress. It is our first duty to be faithful to its call.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What's in a Name?

THE vast empire of China has many things undesirable, but it has some to be desired.

We get rather tired, do we not, of the names of our English inns? There are so many Red Lions and White Horses. But in China they manage better. The poorest mud-hovels and hostleries rejoice in such beautiful titles as *The Hotel of Accomplished Wishes* or *The Pearl that Illuminates the Night*. They have pretty names, too, for their streams. Between the level rice-fields runs one called *The River of Broad Sincerity*.

A Box of Dandelions

THE other day we heard a story which makes one of the commonest English flowers seem common no more.

A little English girl was born in the East, and passed her first few years amid the wonderful blossoms, the brilliant garments, and the garish architecture of the Orient. At length her parents brought her to England, that foreign land. When she saw the meadows of England, the meadows sung by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson, she fell head over ears in love with the dandelion. It was her favourite flower. She shouted whenever she saw one, and ran to pick the glorious shining fellow. She insisted on sending a boxful to her grandmother.

Now she is grown up. A little while ago her grandmother died. In the old lady's bureau, among old letters and faded photographs, they found a box of withered dandelions.

The Noble Maharani

A GREAT lady doctor, Dr. Scharlieb, has written a book in which she tells of a certain Maharani who one day complained of a headache to her doctor. "Why do you not pray that you may be relieved?" the doctor asked, and the patient replied that she never prayed for herself. Dr. Scharlieb asked her for whom she prayed, and she said, "For His Highness and the children." "Then pray for His Highness's wife," said the doctor.

One day, staying in a country hotel, the Maharani overheard her little son, aged seven, boasting that he was the son of a great rajah. His mother called him, and told him that princes never boasted about their family position. She pinned a towel round him, and told him to go and sweep the floors, so that all might see him.

When her stepsons came down from Oxford she found them rather conceited in manner. She proposed, therefore, that for a week they should breakfast on porridge only, in order that they might be convinced that neither high estate nor much wealth alters the essential value of any man.

Trusting People

EVIDENTLY the world is much more honest than some people are aware of. A C.N. reader in America, who has been reading our story of a shopkeeper in Paris who leaves his shop open to all the world while he goes to market, tells us that it is a common practice for newsboys to leave their newspapers unattended on the sidewalk and on their return find that every paper taken has been paid for.

He adds that in Toronto he knows of a newsboy who had two stands and collected alternately from them, one always being unattended.

Tip-Cat

THERE are fish that foretell the weather. Why don't they keep a few in our Meteorological Department?

THE Treasury Bench is introducing a series of taxes step by step. A sort of government by foot-rule.

THIS year the British Railway celebrates its centenary. It is not yet known what line the celebration will take.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW
What Made the
Coal Scuttle

PARIS taxi-drivers are said to be more efficient than London taxi-drivers. For one thing, they know French.

To play golf, writes a critic, you must have means. The best means are clubs and a ball.

THE new clothes for summer are said to be very like those for winter and spring. Otherwise they would not fit anybody.

MUSICAL composers are, it seems, the most excitable of mortals. It is a pity they can't compose themselves.

CHILDREN, we are told, should not wear rubber shoes. Yet they ought to be seen and not heard.

REFORMERS declare the Poor Law will have to go. Though they would not like the poor to be lawless.

How to Give

ONE of the rarest joys on Earth is giving, but how many ways there are of giving!

We came the other day across a paragraph by a writer who was meditating on the ways of giving an apple.

A man can give it to you in a way that causes you to feel that you don't want to say *Thank you*, he thought. A boy may throw it at you as if he means to knock out your front teeth. A woman (wrote this writer, Edward Thomas, and you can imagine what a nice person he was thinking of) gives herself with it, and it is as if the apple were part of her, and you took it away and ate it, sitting alone very peacefully, and thinking of nothing.

Up There

By Our Country Girl

I SHOULD like to run and play
All along the Milky Way,
And to stray
In the company of those
Stars whose famous wrongs and
woes
There repose.
How the high gods in their pity
Summoned mortals to sky-city
Many a ditty
Tells on Earth.

YET the lofty ones, may be,
Safe-set in Eternity,
Envy me.
Star-folk of the dark blue plain,
Do you long for green again,
Field and lane?
Tired of waxing and declining,
After centuries of shining
Are you pining
For the Earth?

DIAMOND dust and moonstone
spars,
Beryl ingots, silver bars,
Would the stars
Give for one Earth holiday.
For a cuckoo they would pay
Crowns away.
For a lamb beside its mother,
Bluebell mist and primrose
smother,
Pollux would forget his brother
Back on Earth.

The Khedive at the Dentist's

ISMAIL PASHA, Khedive of Egypt in the days of Lord Cromer's administration, boasted that Egypt had ceased to be Africa and had become a part of Europe. But, in spite of this saying, he does not seem to have absorbed Western ideas very thoroughly.

In Sir James Rennell Rodd's memories there is an anecdote about him that has an old-world Eastern flavour.

Ismail had toothache, and sent for a European dentist who said that extraction was the only cure. The Khedive objected that the wrench might be as bad as the ache, but the dentist promised that his Highness would feel no pain if he took gas.

Ismail seemed sceptical. He sent his A.D.C. to fetch a sentry from the palace gates, and ordered the dentist to give the man gas and extract two teeth. After the patient came round he admitted that he had felt no pain.

"A common soldier is not very sensitive," said the Khedive. "Bring a woman from the harem."

When she had submitted to the same operation with equal success, Ismail consented to take gas himself.

The Treasury Bonds which formed the dentist's reward proved to be worthless, but it is comforting to know that Ismail had only a few years of power before he was deposed.

An Arab Prayer

Great Lord, I raise my hands to Thee,
I lift up my heart in a thousand
prayers!
Great Lord, three graces I implore:
The love of my people, bravery in
war, and the pardon of my sins!

WORN-OUT MAN WHO SAVED OTHERS A FIGHTER OF THE PLAGUE

Story Behind a New Hospital
for the Malagasy People

DOCTOR HERO OF MADAGASCAR

A correspondent who is interested in Madagascar sends us the story of a new hospital by Lake Malagasy, behind which there is a rare piece of heroism which will find its way into books long after these days.

Towards the end of last year an English doctor, very thin and tired and white, joined two old friends of his who were staying in a forest home, set in the heart of Madagascar. The doctor needed the quiet and beauty of the forest, for he was very worn and growing old.

Dr. Moss, though he was British, had been born in Madagascar, and the islanders said of him that he was one of their own people. He remembered this when, as a young doctor, trained in Edinburgh, he asked himself where he was needed most. In Madagascar, he thought, there are many sick folk, and few doctors; so he chose to settle in that great island, and for 35 years he gave its people all the skill and all the love that was in his heart.

All the Time Preparing

In the capital of the colony he practised as a doctor for many years, then, a few years ago, he went, at the call of the London Missionary Society, to begin work by the shores of an inland lake. There he tended the sick, in their houses, or in any shelter he could find, but all the time he was preparing for the hospital he meant to build as the centre of his healing work.

But the work of a doctor, though it is hard everywhere, is nowhere so hard as among a people like these Malagasy who live round the lake. From all sides of the country the suffering folk were brought to Dr. Moss, who was very worn and ill when he reached the forest. There the quiet and the presence of his old friends revived him, and he talked over his plans, and of his loved ones far away in England.

Answering the Call

But one day a letter came for him, telling him that the plague had broken out at his station. That was enough. He was weary in body, but he had no thought of himself. With a cheerful courage he said Good-bye and started out to fight the plague.

Of course, he would not have made any fuss about this; a doctor is like a soldier who does not shrink from the post of danger. Back to his station at once the old doctor went as a soldier on duty, and he knew the risk.

One day, his friends tell us, he saw forty sick people, some with plague; the next day he was in and out of the homes, bringing his good cheer to his patients; the next day he performed two operations but had not the strength to do a third. At the end of that week he died of the plague. He told the Malagasy not to think of him as dead. "The real I has not perished," he said; "I am with God, and He will advance me to perfection."

A Wonderful Assembly

On the very day he died the last tile was placed on the roof of the hospital. The Malagasy have asked that they may raise a memorial to their friend.

There was a wonderful assembly round his grave—French and English and Malagasy, Catholics and Protestants, were all there to do honour to this man who saved others but would not save himself. In the heart of that French colony, among people of another race, this man is laid to rest. It is service like his that brings the nations nearer together.

WATCH THE BIRDS ABOUT YOUR HOME

THERE is no more delightful relaxation than watching the birds that live near us. It is strange how little we know about them, even if we are their friends.

For one thing, we know how shy they are and we do not like to intrude on them. Shyness is their protection. It may not be needed against us, but it is needed against many people and things. So we miss much we should like to know.

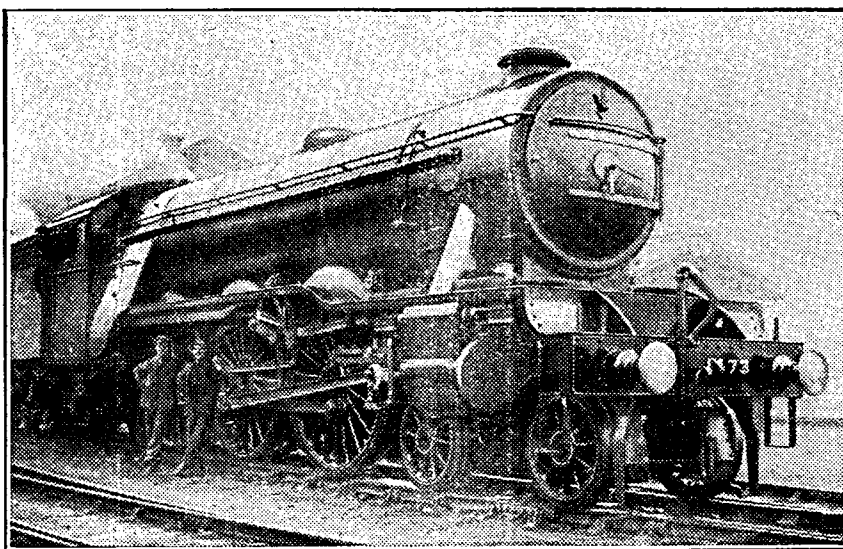
This is put in an interesting way by the bird-man who writes weekly in one of our great newspapers. He says that close observation of one nest in the back garden (say, a blackbird's) might solve a number of questions that have not yet been settled. Who selects the site of the nest—the male bird, the hen bird, or both? How long is the nest

in building? Which bird does which part of the construction? Which bird broods, or do both? How is the feeding arranged? Is it haphazard among the young, or by selection, or favour?

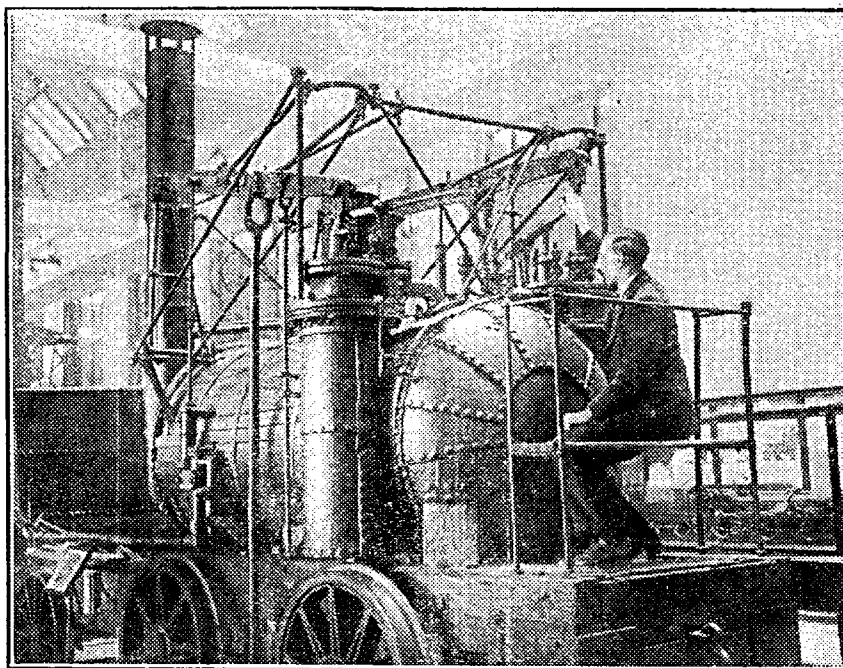
Then there are such questions as how is the flight of the young managed, especially when they have been reared in high trees? Do any birds carry their young on air journeys?

Matthew Arnold saw the birds in Kensington Gardens "deep in their unknown day's employ." Ought we not to know more of what that employ is? It is worth while to try to understand it, yet we shall be wise not to do so carelessly, intrusively, or hastily, lest we defeat our purpose by frightening the birds away.

THE NEWEST AND THE OLDEST ENGINES



The newest British locomotive, the L.N.E.R. Pacific type



Puffing Billy, patented in 1813, the oldest existing locomotive

All the world is talking about railways and locomotives in this the centenary year of the world's first railway. These pictures show the amazing contrasts in form between the newest type of engine now running on our railways and the oldest existing locomotive, that patented by William Hedley in 1813

SOUTH AUSTRALIA KEEPS HER WORD

THIS autumn the close of the Great War will be seven years away, and still there are many who feel that the country has not acknowledged fully her soldiers' services or sufferings.

It is worth while to note that in at least one part of the British Empire the question of treatment of the service men seems to have been satisfactorily dealt with by public subscription. The State of South Australia claims to have grappled most satisfactorily with this difficult problem. Her Fund has been described as "the finest in the British Empire." As soon as the War was over this handsome Soldier's Fund was

promptly subscribed and invested so as to redeem the State's obligations to its soldier-citizens over a long term of years. While immediate need was met, long views were also taken as to widows and children, and an insurance fund was formed that will go on for ten years.

The total of the Fund has now reached nearly three-quarters of a million, of which about £420,000 has been paid away, and the rest remains to complete the plans that reach into the future.

South Australia has evidently excelled in the justice that is based on wise and long foresight; and we congratulate her on so noble an example.

THE CRICKET KING WHY HOBBS CAN NEVER EQUAL GRACE

Wonderful Gloucestershire
Doctor and What He Did

126 CENTURIES

Apart from the excitement of the county cricket championship this season there is the great effort of John Hobbs to surpass the achievement which our fathers thought would never be equalled, the 126 centuries of Dr. W. G. Grace.

Given health and fortune Hobbs is almost certain to succeed, and already a debate is running in the grown-up papers as to whether the Surrey man is a greater cricketer than Grace. In reality there is no comparison. Hobbs is a great batsman and fielder, but he can never equal Grace, an unapproachable master of all sides of cricket.

Our Surrey hero is indisputably the finest living batsman, but Grace was more than that; he was the champion batsman and the champion bowler, too! Moreover, his fielding, when he was in his prime as a cross-country runner, was altogether unexcelled.

Grace's Redoubtable Rivals

This wonderful doctor from Gloucestershire was not content with making over fifty thousand runs in first-class cricket; he took nearly three thousand first-class wickets. By his own exertions and example he made Gloucestershire a first-class county, and helped to raise her to the role of Champion County. He was captain of England for more years than most men play; he was unrivalled in every phase of our grandest game.

Hobbs, great batsman though he is, is not really the man to compare with Grace. It is the all-rounders, such as Rhodes, Hirst, Stanley Jackson, George Lohmann, Lockwood, Briggs, Peel, Flowers, Barnes, the men redoubtable with both bat and ball, whom we must consider as the rivals of the old champion. And how far beneath his wonderful records they fall!

Undisputed King of the Game

The batting marvel of our own age is William Quaife, of Warwickshire, who is still playing good cricket at 53, but Grace, when he was within a few weeks of 50, scored a thousand runs in May, a feat never before or since approached. And after that he went on for years as undisputed king of the game.

And he faced the greatest bowlers cricket has ever known—Shaw, Attewell, Richardson, Lockwood, Spofforth, Giffen, Trumble, Noble, and the giants of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Hobbs has attained his splendid mastery while English bowling has been in eclipse.

There can be no doubt that the Surrey batsman would have been master of the finest of the old bowlers, but Grace won his laurels in days when wickets were bad and dangerous, when the state of the pitch was such that the bowler's work was half done before the ball left his hand.

An Unjust Comparison

The art of the modern groundsman has been all in favour of the bat and fatal to the ball. Grace came into the smooth, hard wickets long before he ceased to play, but his position was won while pitches were at their worst.

No, the comparison is unjust to both men, for Grace did twice as much as as Hobbs will ever do.

Poetry has had only one Homer; cricket only one Grace. We shall all acclaim Hobbs' great feat when he passes the doctor's number of centuries, but we shall have to ask, *Where is the equivalent of the Old Man's three thousand wickets?*

A VICTORY FOR THE ENGINEER

Keeping Cool in the Mine NEW WAY OF SOLVING AN OLD PROBLEM

One of the biggest problems of the mining engineer is how to keep a mine cool and well ventilated.

The deeper the mine the greater the problem, for not only is heat generated in the air by its compression, but the rock walls themselves give out an enormous quantity of heat, which increases in intensity the farther the crust of the Earth is penetrated.

In the famous St. John del Rey mine in Brazil, one of the deepest mines in the world, it is impossible to bear a hand against the rock in the lower workings.

The only way to overcome the heat of deep mines of this kind is by the installation of a refrigerating plant to chill the incoming air. But if the engineer installs the plant underground it is likely to be a source of danger, for ammonia is the most efficient refrigerating fluid, and any escape of ammonia gas might lead to disaster. Similar objections apply to other refrigerating liquids in common use.

New Method's Advantages

Then, if the plant is installed at the top of the shaft, the cooling air, as it flows down the shaft, absorbs heat from the surrounding strata and loses its cooling power by the time the deepest workings are reached.

It is interesting, therefore, to hear of a new plant for deep-mine cooling, which can be installed underground with complete safety. The refrigerating liquid used belongs to the ethyl-chloride group, and has been selected after years of patient research. It is entirely non-explosive, non-inflammable, non-poisonous, and odourless.

But the most interesting point about it all is that it would not matter very much if the liquid were not so dangerous, for the whole plant is operated under partial vacuum. This means that, even if there were a leakage in the plant, the vapour could never find its way into the atmosphere.

THE SILVER FOXES

Rise of an Industry in the Land of Evangeline

The Annapolis Valley in the Acadian country of Nova Scotia, long famed as the scene of Longfellow's poem *Evangeline*, and later for its beautiful orchards and dairy farms, is now the scene of the new activity of silver-black fox farming.

This industry was started in Prince Edward Island about forty years ago, and has spread all over North America.

Just twelve years ago, on a little spruce-covered knoll in the centre of the valley, a native of Prince Edward Island settled down to live in a tent and build the nucleus of the first Nova Scotian fox farm. Four pairs of the animals he brought with him were valued at £3000 a pair.

This year his ranch has a hundred pairs, though the spread of the industry has reduced the value to about £100 a pair. Almost entirely stocked from this parent ranch, there are now 90 other fox farms in Annapolis County.

The foxes are fed on horse meat, with bread and fish. Their board bill is usually from £10 to £15 a year each.

The litters are born in early spring, and have from two to six puppies. By the end of the summer they are big enough to sell for their skins, which are now valued at up to £30 each.

THE PRECIOUS METALS

France Produces a Few Ounces of Platinum HER GOLD-BEARING REGIONS

By Our Paris Correspondent

The last statistics of mineral production in France are most suggestive and most surprising concerning precious metals. The production of platinum did not exceed four ounces in 1923 and nine ounces in 1924, but that of gold reached 1.145 and 1.085 pounds and that of silver 23.841 and 30.883 pounds in the same two years.

Does this mean that there are mines of platinum, or gold, or silver in France? No; it means simply that traces of these metals are found in the residues of copper in factories.

These figures, standing by themselves, are not very great unless compared with the gold returns of Madagascar, where large sums of money have been spent in researches and digging of gold mines, and where the yearly productions of gold have never amounted to more than 1.275 pounds.

A Clever Idea

Hundreds of years ago the Gauls were already well aware of the presence of gold in France, and probably also were the earliest natives, for tradition proves that they used to wash the sands of the smallest streams.

An investigation of the gold regions of France was once made by a well-known expert, Mr. Strap, who visited France to study the gold-bearing regions and to examine particularly the old places worked for gold by the ancient natives. He cleverly looked up in his researches all the names of places in France with the syllable *aur* in them (the Latin word from which the French *or*, gold, is derived).

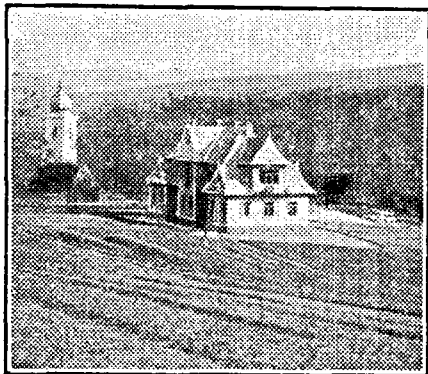
"But," Mr. Strap would say, "when I speak of gold in France people smile incredulously. The distance is too short. If I talked of Kamchatka I should find many listeners."

Mr. Strap's gold mines may not all exist, but his philosophy is sound.

SCHOOL BUILT BY GIRLS

Home of Polish Guides

The school built by the Girl Guides of Poland, under the instruction of the Chief Polish Guide, Madame Malkowska, is now completed, and our correspondent sends us this picture of it. The school



The school built by Polish Girl Guides

stands in the mountains near Czersztyn, and is admirably suited to be an international camp. It has been built almost entirely by a small number of Girl Guides and there are to be two places kept free for C.N. readers for one month every year, in recognition of the friendly spirit of the C.N. to all nations, and in acknowledgment of the help sent to the Guides by C.N. readers. Any further help readers may like to send will be forwarded to Madame Malkowska by the Editor.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Japan is looking forward to an unusually heavy silk crop.

Owing to the decrease of crime Ipswich gaol is to be closed.

By planting the kind of flowers that bees prefer it is said that the honey yield can be increased twenty per cent.

Mr. Aadam Yajima, a famous Japanese temperance and suffrage reform leader, has died in Tokio.

A Cow and Its Money

A Derbyshire butcher has found in a cow's stomach a shilling and a florin.

Agrippa's Wall at Jerusalem

Archaeologists have discovered at Jerusalem what is believed to be part of Agrippa's Wall, called the Third Wall.

Engine from the Sea

Some fishermen in the North Sea the other day hauled up in their nets a 12-cylinder aeroplane engine.

No Penny Post Yet

The penny post is not to be restored for the present, as the Government says it cannot afford to lose £5,600,000 a year.

A Growing City

Welwyn Garden City, Herts, which, four years ago had only a few inhabitants, has now a population of 5000.

African Elephants Dying Out

Wild elephants in Africa are in danger of extermination, the only herd left having dwindled to forty.

4000 Fiddlers

Four thousand boy and girl fiddlers played together the other day at the concert of the National Union of School Orchestras in the Crystal Palace.

The Motor Death Roll

Twenty thousand people were killed in motor accidents in the United States last year, nearly one-third being children under 15.

45-Mile Swim

A Hungarian athlete has lately swum down the Danube from Esztergom to Budapest, covering the distance of about 45 miles in 11 hours 40 minutes.

Flying Without a Pilot

An aeroplane now being tested by Imperial Airways needs no attention from the pilot while flying, being kept on its course by a gyroscopic control.

Canada's Crops

Early rains are giving promise of excellent crops in Canada, and the light crops in the United States should ensure good prices.

The Makwar Dam Finished

The Blue Nile, which was diverted to allow the great Makwar Dam in the Sudan to be built, has been turned back into its course, and the dam is in full working order.

THE TIRED AXLE

A New Way of Finding a Flaw

Not long ago the C.N. reported the tragic incident of a tired railway coupling on a northern line which, having done enormous haulage work for years, suddenly broke down owing to unsuspected flaws which had developed in its inner constitution.

These hidden flaws are most perilous things in the fittings of heavy vehicles of transport, and are more dangerous in axles than in any other part, so that, if the announcement made by the General Manager of the L.C.C. Tramways of a means of detecting them is justified, we all may breathe more easily on our travels.

He says that these flaws, hidden and invisible, occur in all axles sooner or later, and, if neglected, deepen till the axle breaks. This is the way which has been found to detect them. The axle is magnetised. A mixture of powdered iron and paraffin is then poured on the places where cracks finer than hairs may be.

The particles of iron dust cling by magnetic attraction to the places where the cracks are, and reveal them.

ZAGREB

A Little Town and its Sights

By a Travelling Correspondent

A C.N. reader home from Yugo-Slavia sends us these notes on one of the little-known towns of that country.

There are few cities better worth visiting than Zagreb, the principal town of Croatia. Zagreb stands on the river Save, surrounded by vine-covered mountains. In the highest part of the town are quaint old houses and immense walls built to keep off arrows in olden days. From this part the traveller looks down on New Zagreb, a place of wide streets, stately buildings, and a fair public garden.

Among the flowers and trees, where children play and their elders sit enjoying the sunshine, stands the statue of Preradovic. He is a poet and patriot whose portrait hangs in every peasant's hut. His best known poem, *The Wanderer*, describes an exile dying in a distant land, and wishing that the flowers of his own country might be laid on his tomb. The tomb is never without a few bunches of them. Preradovic died abroad; but the Croatians would not rest till he was laid in his own land.

The people are dark, lively, and gay. They are extremely musical. Every middle-class person speaks at least four languages, including English and French. No girl would call herself educated who did not know Shakespeare.

Among the many things worth seeing in this town of 14,000 people are the beautiful Cathedral and Jellacic's Market. Jellacic was a famous leader of Croatia. It is pretty to see his countrymen and women sitting there every morning, dressed in brilliant peasant costume, selling the produce of their little farms.

The people are very friendly towards England and France. They are hospitable, and anxious that other countries should learn something of their ideals and literature.

THE WATER BABIES

Child Life on Our Canals

Most people who live all their days on land would be surprised if they were told the number of men, women, and children who pass their lives on the canal barges throughout the country.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is concerned just now with the conditions under which the barge children, of whom there are 2613 in the United Kingdom, live and work.

The barges are not inspected often enough, and the tiny, cooped-up cabins in which the families live are badly ventilated and productive of much illness. It is all very well to go to Rickmansworth, for example, on a fine summer's day, and watch the gaily-painted barges go by, with sturdy horses pulling them at four miles an hour, the father sitting on the roof smoking his pipe, mother washing dishes overboard, and the children running along the bank. But it is quite another thing when the weather is too cold for out-of-doors, and all the inhabitants of the floating home must find shelter in its stuffy interior.

And, although in some respects the life of the canal child is freer and more happy than that of the child in the slums, it has grave drawbacks from the point of view of education.

It is all to the good, then, that the society which has done so much to safeguard our young life should have aroused the sympathetic attention of the Minister of Health to the existence of the barge babies and their needs.

THE BAKER AND THE I.L.O.

Should He Work by Night?

THE LEAGUE LOOKS INTO IT

Should bakers work at night? It is a question that has been asked in many countries, and it has found its way into the bulky post-bag of the I.L.O. (International Labour Office).

We are so accustomed to have our fresh and fragrant new bread early in the morning that we have forgotten that it means that a whole army of bakers is working through the night for us, to satisfy a taste rather than a necessity. The men themselves know that to reverse the order of work by day and rest by night is not good, and so from many corners of the Earth, from Chile and Czecho-Slovakia, from Argentina and Australia, has come the question, "Why need we do it?"

The Price of the Loaf

To prevent it, however, it is necessary to have an international agreement. Such an agreement was drawn up by the I.L.O., and placed before its yearly parliament at Geneva for the decision of representatives of Governments, workers, and employers. The Convention, stating that, with certain exceptions, "the making of bread, pastry, or other flour confectionery during the night is forbidden," was finally adopted by 81 votes to 26.

Its general effect is to prohibit the work of all persons engaged in the baking of bread during the night (between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m.), except in the wholesale manufacture of biscuits or on occasions of special urgency. The Convention is to take effect on January 1, 1927, provided two States have formally ratified it.

Now that the I.L.O. has adopted this Convention the matter will come before the parliaments of the nations, which can, of course, adopt it or not, as they please. In view, however, of the Report of the Royal Commission on Food Prices, from which it appeared that the prohibition of night work in Great Britain would increase the price of the loaf, the British Government feel that it would be impossible for them at present to prohibit night baking.

MOVING A RIVER 45 MILES

The World's Longest Tunnel

A gigantic engineering enterprise which the American engineers claim to be an even bigger undertaking than the building of the Panama Canal is now going on.

To provide electrical power for the farms and cities of California the Southern California Edison Company is driving a series of tunnels 86 miles long and costing about £75,000,000, near the summit of the lofty Kaiser Range.

The San Joaquin river and Big Creek are to be diverted from their courses, and their waters stored in twelve reservoirs able to hold 734,000 acres a foot deep; and from these the water is to be dropped down the mountains through a chain of 19 power stations, which will be able to generate 1,400,000 horsepower of electricity.

The Florence Lake Tunnel, the first part of this tremendous task, has been practically completed; it has employed 1700 men for four years. It is the longest tunnel in the world (14 miles) and will divert the San Joaquin river 45 miles from its course.

The tunnel has been driven through a mountain of granite 9000 feet above the plains; and the tunnellers have spent long winters shut in by snowdrifts.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

A Man and a Band

Many law-abiding people are of the opinion that there are too many laws for us nowadays, and certainly it is sometimes tempting to think this is so.

For example, the Ministry of Labour, in order to help British musicians, not long ago instituted a regulation under which anyone who desired to employ a foreign band in this country was compelled to engage with it a corresponding number of British players.

The other day a distinguished Englishman, desiring to give an entertainment to some friends, sought the services of a famous foreign orchestra. It happened that this Englishman had been able to render great diplomatic services to the country to which the foreign band belongs, and they were anxious to show their gratitude in the best way they could and to pay him a compliment at the same time. So they offered to play for him for nothing.

But when the host consulted the Musicians' Trade Union, and requested their permission for this to be done, they refused to grant it unless the regulations were observed, and seven British players engaged for the evening. So the distinguished man paid for seven players to look on and do nothing while he enjoyed the society and the music of his friends.

VILLAGE FAMILIES

Names Traced Back for Centuries

It is difficult to realise that in spite of the growth of the great towns half the population of England still lives in villages; and in the villages are families whose names can be traced back to the days of the Normans.

Mr. Harold Peake was lately telling of some investigations he made in a Berkshire village. In a document of the reign of Henry III was found the name of "one John de Wileby, a knight." Then in 1600 is recorded the existence of a small farmer named Willoughby. And finally, in the same village today is John Willoughby, a skilled workman. Another family known in the time of Henry VIII as "super shepherds" is still flourishing in the village.

Mr. Peake says that not only names but family characteristics persist through the generations. He has found good and bad stocks in each village, never intermarrying but remaining distinct through the centuries; though there are "intermediate groups" which marry, and of whose children some join the good stock and some the bad!

It is an interesting study, and should be carried farther. Mr. Peake says we know less at present of the pedigrees of our own people than we do of those of some far-off primitive races.

HOUSEKEEPING AT A ZOO

When the Chimpanzees Are Ill

A zoo has always a big and troublesome family to look after, and housekeeping for hundreds of animals is no easy matter.

Here are some of the supplies eaten last year by the animals in the Edinburgh Zoo: 40,512 bananas, 19 tons of fish, 19 tons of turnips, 480 tins of condensed milk, 25 tons of oats, 31 tons of straw, 54 tons of hay, and 68 tons of horseflesh.

Zoo authorities have to use great care and attention to provide all this at a reasonable price, and in addition they have the problem of looking after the health of their charges. Monkeys are often exceptionally delicate and need special attention. The complaints of the chimpanzees, for instance, are so like those of men that they need human doctors to attend them when they are ill.

A-BOOK ON A MAN WHO WILL LIVE

Woodrow Wilson

The Life of Woodrow Wilson. By Josephus Daniels. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

President Wilson died in February of last year. This brief but loving and appreciative sketch by one of his closest political disciples and personal friends helps us to realise how great a man has gone from among us.

Woodrow Wilson lived to see his great idea of a League of Nations become a reality, supported by almost every nation in the world except his own. He died in the sure and certain hope that his countrymen too would one day give it their allegiance. It was while he was touring the States, trying to rouse the people to demand the acceptance of the Covenant by the Senate, that he was struck down by the illness from which he died. He knew, as his wife and his nearest friends knew, that his strength would probably prove unequal to the strain. But he and they believed it to be his duty to make the attempt.

The Wonder of His Life

It is strange to realise that he was 53 when he first entered politics by becoming candidate for the Governorship of the State of New Jersey. His two years of governorship were followed by eight years as President, his death coming less than three years after his retirement from office.

But if his political career was brief, and spent wholly in the highest offices his country had to bestow, his whole life had been one long preparation for it. For it was spent in studying and teaching the science of government. There have been many great teachers of political science, and there have been many great practisers of it. The wonderful thing about Woodrow Wilson is that he should have been left to teach others the work of government till late middle life, and should then have been called to put his teaching into practice in the post which perhaps offers the greatest amount of individual power of any the world has to bestow.

Ready for His Opportunity

To those who mourn him President Wilson seems one of the three greatest men who have held that post—Washington, who founded the Union; Lincoln, who cemented its unity; and Wilson, who gave to the world in its name the principle which shall unite mankind in one family of nations.

"I am ready," said Wilson on his deathbed. That his biographer takes as the motto of his life. When his great opportunity came he was ready by a life of study and thought and self-discipline and prayer to do great things with it.

He was defeated in his endeavour to place his country in the leadership of the New Order which was her natural right, and which still awaits her. Many people think he was defeated in his endeavour to embody his Fourteen Points in the Treaty of Peace which ended the war. How different the world would have been if the impartial justice of the Fourteen Points had really been made the basis of the Treaty, how different if America had come into the League from the beginning, we can only guess.

Sinning Against the Light

In disregarding this prophetic voice Europe and America sinned against the light. But the light still shines, and some day they and we shall turn towards it and walk by it. And in that day Woodrow Wilson will be recognised for what he is—one of the great heroic figures of the world's history.

Mr. Daniels's book tells the simple story of how he became so. Character and principle, hard work and discipline, and the love of God and man (that above all) were the secret of it. He had faults; he made mistakes; but he had the root of the matter in him. Let us thank God for him.

WONDERS OF LYRA

CONSTELLATION NOW ALMOST OVERHEAD

One Star Which is Really Four Suns

A FAR-OFF ECLIPSE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The constellation of Lyra, now almost overhead of an evening, is remarkably rich in celestial wonders. The position of some of these was indicated in the star map of the C.N. of June 27.

First let us take a glimpse at the little star Epsilon in Lyra. This is easily found a little to the left of Vega, about three times the Moon's apparent width away. A peep through field-glasses will show two stars in the place of one. Now if a powerful telescope be used, each of the two stars will be seen to be composed of a pair of suns, so that where we see but one little star, there exist four



Epsilon in Lyra's system of suns, as seen through a powerful telescope

great suns, as shown in the accompanying picture. Moreover, between them can be seen three more smaller suns.

But certainly the two pairs belong to one system, all at least 42 million times as far off as our Sun, and probably farther. They are very much larger and hotter than our Sun, radiating upwards of 700 times its light.

Two moderately bright third-magnitude stars will be seen to the south of Vega; these are Beta and Gamma in Lyra. Beta is one of the wonders of the heavens because its light varies; normally it is of 3.4 magnitude, but periodically it declines in brilliance to 4.5. This is sufficient to be perceptible to the naked eye, for at minimum Beta becomes much less bright than Gamma. These minima occur at intervals of 12 days 21 hours 47 minutes, but exactly midway between these singular drops in brightness occurs a lesser diminution in the star's light when it drops from 3.4 to 3.9 magnitude. This is due to Beta in Lyra being composed of two immense suns—the larger central one very bright and hot, the smaller much less luminous, and revolving round the larger.

Now the orbit of Beta happens to be at such an angle that the smaller dark body alternately passes partly behind the bright central sun and then, about 7 days later, partly in front of it. When it passes partly behind the central sun, the side which is lit up is presented to us, so a portion of this, with the central sun, is facing us, and we get in consequence the 3.9 minima of magnitude.

Egg-shaped Globes of Gas

When, however, seven days later, this dark body is whirling round partly between us and Beta, its dark unlit side is presented towards us and is moreover partly screening the light from Beta, so then we get a 4.5 minima of magnitude. Both these bodies are globes of fiery gases, believed to be no denser than the air we breathe; they are calculated to be some thousands of times the size of our Sun and about 15 million miles apart, consequently the tidal effect upon each other is so great as to pull the side out of each one so much that it becomes egg-shaped, which also adds to the variability of the light from the central sun.

The last greatest minima occurred on Friday, July 10, at about 3 p.m. The next will be on Thursday, July 23, at about 1 p.m. Both are in daylight hours, so we must wait for two or three months for a convenient night observation, when this far-off partial eclipse can be calculated ahead from the above times.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening, Mercury, Venus, and Mars in the north-west, Saturn south-west, Jupiter south-east.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 21 A Mountain of Ice

THE ice-floe towards which they were struggling seemed miles away as Tom kicked out with his heavy limbs in the icy water. The ice towering on all sides of their narrow chasm seemed to have a greenish-sinister smirk, and the boy thought of Dante's Inferno and the wicked souls who are condemned to eternal freezing.

"Keep at it, Tommie!" Timothy encouraged him, but the younger brother suddenly realised that his numb limbs were no longer obeying him, and hung a dead weight in their sodden garments.

Oleson saw the danger.

"Rest awhile, and just keep yourself afloat," he advised, "Tim and I will get you there."

Timothy and Ole, pushing the wrecked boat before them, continued their struggle for the ice-floe. They had now no time to look about for the sailors and the mate.

At last, as they were giving up hope, Oleson reached out and managed to catch at the lower end of the floe.

"Hang on and keep yourself afloat while I get up," he advised, and performed a miracle of strength in dragging his numb body in its weight of clothes up on the slippery ice.

Then a hand to Timothy, and the two of them pulled Tom, who was nearly unconscious, out.

"The boat next!" said Oleson. "We've got to have a fire."

This was not easy, for the wreckage had drifted a little way off. Ole, with Timothy hanging to his ankles, had to stretch himself far out over the water to touch it.

It was secured at last, however, and the wood broken up for a fire.

Building a fire of wet wood on an ice-floe is no easy task. Ole always carried matches in a watertight receptacle in his pocket, and he knew how to whittle off the wet part of wood to get to the dry centre.

Some dry shavings prepared with infinite care, laid on boards covering a hollow in the ice with a tiny draught blowing through, more of the dry heart of the wood laid on top of them, then damper wood as the fire would stand it, and soon a life-giving blaze rewarded Ole's care and knowledge.

The fire had absorbed all their thought and attention, so that everyone started as they heard a faint halloo near by. It came from the mate and the sailors, who had got to the ice-floe, but were too exhausted to pull themselves up.

Timothy and Ole helped them to safety, not forgetting their precious driftwood, and soon all were sitting round a roaring blaze comparatively dry and comfortable.

"It's queer we don't see anything of the ship," said the mate. "It must be somewhere just out of sight behind these bergs."

"It's strange to me that they haven't appeared looking for us," said Ole, shaking his head. "Something must have gone wrong."

"What could go wrong?" asked Tom.

"She may have jammed into the ice," answered the Scandinavian; "or been struck by another whale. Hunting for bowheads in the narrow channels between icebergs is a dangerous business, for they may come up beneath you and ram you into the ice."

"We'll have to go in search of her," decided the mate, putting on the clothes that he had been drying before the fire.

The fire by now had burned itself out, and there was no more wood, so everyone followed his example.

It was rough work scrambling over the craggy ice in the direction of the ship. At last they sighted her, lying quietly in the shadow of a gigantic berg.

Something in the ship's quiet appeared ominous to the mate.

"She has been injured some way, sure enough."

His prediction when they had boarded her, was verified by a worried captain.

"We'll get her back to the mainland as best we can," he announced, after expressing his pleasure at seeing the others safe. "This puts an end to whaling this trip. I've sent a boat out in search of you, but they'll be back soon, and then we must be off."

"Hard luck," Ole sympathised. "If you'll put us off with our Eskimo and sled we'll find a way to get back over the ice to Victoria Island, and good luck to you in your trip back."

When the boat appeared to report the loss of those it had gone to seek, it was accordingly sent out again with our friends, their Eskimo, and the dogs they had brought for such an emergency, to land them on the solid ice near Banks Island.

This was the direction opposite to that in which they wished to go, of course, for Victoria Island lay almost directly to the east of them; but Ole thought it better to get to the landfast ice, and from there to scout for an ice-bridge across the Prince of Wales Sound.

"I still owe you for bringing up the plane," were Timothy's last words to the captain; "don't think I'll forget it!"

Captain Atkinson pressed on Oleson as much of his own supply of meat as he dared spare; but Ole refused.

"We have plenty of ammunition and are all fair shots," he said. "We'll get our living from the seals. We must travel light."

Our party soon found themselves on the wide greenish-white plains of landfast-ice round Banks Island. These plains were not level, of course, for it was rather a rolling expanse, with hills and here and there jagged glacial mountains.

Twilight was coming on, and a sharp wind from the east was rising as the boys turned for a last look after the whaling ship which, though disabled, was making her way gallantly among the icebergs.

"I do hope Atkinson gets through all right," said Ole sincerely. "I'd stop and help him if my first duty were not to your sister. She'll be worried to death if we don't get back when your month is up."

The wind rose steadily and promised to be a gale before long.

"What we must do," decided Ole, "is to get a good night's rest, so we can travel swiftly and long tomorrow. The thing I wish for is a good hard frost to fasten these floating pieces of ice together and make a bridge for us to cross to the other island."

The boys helped him to build a high wall of snow against the wind, and in the shelter of this they pitched their tent and tethered their dogs.

The wind by now was howling angrily. All at once there came a noise like thunder, a high-pitched shrieking, and a grinding and pounding like surf on a stormy shore.

The Moon was now high in the heavens, and by its light Tom, turning, saw what seemed to be a mountain growing slowly higher and advancing steadily toward them.

"Look!" he gasped to Timothy.

Huge icebergs, driven by the violence of the gale against the stationary ice, were crumpling it and pushing it up a hundred feet high. Every now and again a piece as big as a house would topple off and come thundering down.

Sometimes a ridge of six-foot ice rose perpendicularly fifty feet in the course of ten minutes, then, with the ice behind it still pushing, fell with a resounding crash.

"Wonderful!" cried Tom in his brother's ear.

"Yes," assented Timothy. "But let's not get under it!"

Indeed, the steady thunderous approach of the ice mountain was a little nerve-racking.

"Let one of those pieces fall on us and we should all be crushed like flies under a plank," remarked Timothy. "That ice seems to be marching toward us at the rate of about twenty feet a minute. If we camp in its path we'll be crushed."

Oleson nodded.

"We'll out-distance it if we keep going awhile. The gale may go down and it may not," he said wisely. "We'll retreat toward the shore, but it will be slow going, for the moonlight behind clouds is tricky."

The boys had noticed in running across it that they were unable to see depressions in the ice. At first they had been impatient with themselves for falling headlong, and thought it due to carelessness. But now, as Ole pointed it out to them, they realised that differences in level on the snowy ice were really invisible for the reason that they threw no shadows in the strange, diffused light.

"You must feel your way very carefully even when it seems most clear," said Ole, "for a long fall down an icy cliff is quite possible, and a broken bone would mean disaster to us all."

"Pity we can't wait for Sun-up," grumbled Tom, who was desperately tired.

"It would be the same on a cloudy day with the Sun," said Ole. "For the snow and sky melt together in a dazzling haze, so you cannot see where you are going. That doesn't matter so much on land, but in the midst of these ice chasms it might mean serious accidents."

A heavy fatigue had followed the exciting day, and they stumbled painfully against the roaring wind, with the ice crush at their backs, more asleep than awake.

Tom did, in fact, fall asleep while his legs went automatically on, and had a bad fall.

Combined with the various adventures of the long day, that was the last straw; and, if Ole had not just then given the order to stop and pitch camp, Tom felt he would have lain down to sleep in the snow and let the others leave him to his fate and a little rest.

"Stop here!" said Ole. "I think the wind is going down a bit."

It was still a gale, so a snow wall had to be erected for shelter about the tent, into which they all stumbled, to sleep heavily in spite

of the racket without, and the quivering of the ice floor beneath them.

CHAPTER 22 Hazardous Days

THEY woke to a clear, quiet day, and looked out to see that the jammed mountain of ice had advanced to within half a mile of their camp.

"If we had stayed where we were we'd now be somewhere in the midst of that," remarked Tom, with a complete absence of logic.

Ole was highly pleased with the prospect for the day's journey.

"The thermometer is well down," he announced. "If this frost only keeps up we may get over safely, though that piled-up ice will take some crossing."

A hot breakfast put everyone in good spirits, and the space to the ice-jam was quickly crossed.

Here difficulties began.

Several feet of water formed a moat round these ice castles, for, with the pressure of the oncoming blocks, the shore ice had been depressed and overrun with the sea.

Considerable pulling and hauling was necessary before the sled could be got across. On the other side of the water even worse troubles awaited them. The ice stood up sometimes perpendicular for thirty feet or more. They had to run alongside it to find places where Ole and Timothy could hack with axes a jagged path through it for the sled.

Tom drove the dogs, and the Eskimo balanced the sled, and progress was agonisingly slow.

"I don't think we're making more than a hundred feet an hour," said Timothy, rubbing the perspiration out of his eyes as he straightened up to look back.

The sea ice, now that they were high enough to look out over it, seemed impassable. Great jagged ridges had been thrown up as far as they could see.

"We've got to cross it," said Ole doggedly. "All I hope is we'll have a freeze and a smooth stretch beyond so we can get on with our journey once we are over."

They settled down to work again, and at the end of the day camped in the shelter of an icy cliff.

"If this starts moving we're done," remarked Timothy. "But I'm so tired that all I can hope for is that if it falls it falls suddenly and gets it over."

The next day dawned to find them still there, however, somewhat to their own surprise, and they began another fifteen hours of hacking their way through the ice.

At last they succeeded, and came out on a smooth stretch of old ice that seemed to have floated down from the north and been fastened by the recent frost to the jagged cakes behind.

"I don't like this at all," said Ole, as he examined the smooth floes on which they travelled, looking for a place to camp. "Given a bit of a thaw and a strong current underneath, and these floes may break off any time."

"The wind is coming up a bit from the north-west, I think," said Timothy.

"Worse and worse!" Ole was frankly worried. "Still we must camp somewhere, and we can't go back. We'll have to take our luck. I'll stand the first watch. I'll wake you, Tim, in three hours, and don't unpack too much, for we may have to run for it."

The boys tumbled down to sleep the moment the tent was pitched, and Ole spent his watch carefully listening and looking for signs of cracking in the ice beneath him.

But it was not till nearly morning that the thing he feared happened. The Eskimo was on watch and Ole slept with the boys in the tent. Suddenly they were all awakened by a report that seemed to come from directly under their heads.

Everyone jumped to his feet, and in the dim light they saw their danger. The ice had split, and a crack was opening diagonally across the floor of their tent!

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Test

LONG ago, when castles, convents, and monasteries stood on the wooded uplands of lovely southern France instead of the white villas of the rich, there was a convent whose abbess was very young.

Filled with the ardour of youth, and without the wisdom of experience, she was for ever whipping herself and others forward on the path of duty.

Above the convent, built on a steep rocky summit, were the little houses of the peasant folk who tended the convent vineyards and olive groves; and the fishermen who gathered in the silver harvest of fish from the blue Mediterranean lived there too.

Every one of these good folk who worked for the convent on land and sea was sworn to defend the nuns if Saracen pirates should at any time appear to disturb their peace.

"Ah, but will they be faithful to their vow?" wondered the young abbess one dark night when the cold mistral blew. "Would they obey the call on such a night as this?"

The nuns were shocked to think that their young abbess should doubt their valiant defenders.

"If you have any fear" ventured one, more courageous than the rest, "why not take some opportunity of putting them to the test?"

The abbess smiled.

"It is an excellent suggestion," she replied; "we will put them to the test."

She hastened to the belfry tower and rang the bell furiously, the signal of distress.

High above the convent the peasant folk rested snugly in their rocky houses, sheltered from the icy mistral which is the enemy of the children of the south.

"The bell! The good sisters are in danger!"

Every man started up to do his duty: the aged who feared the night chill; the middle-aged stiff with the day's toil; the young, who lay dreaming.

Not a man shirked his duty, and down the rocky hill they climbed to the convent.

But at the gates, to their surprise, they were met, not by black-hearted pirates but by a smiling young abbess.

"My children, return in peace," she said; "I have proved your faithfulness."

They went with rebellion in their hearts.

The abbess had not believed in them; well, two could play at that game!

But it was not long before the signal of distress pealed out once more.

A month later the bell rang again, but not a man stirred, all believing the abbess wished to test them again; but, alas, the pirates had attacked the convent, and the abbess and her nuns were carried away—which proves that others have suffered through crying "Wolf!" besides the shepherd-boy in the fable.

Ask Mother to buy you the

'BEST WAY' CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK

(No. 93)

This splendid book will teach you how to sew and make all sorts of jolly little things—presents for Mother, Red Indian Costumes, and clothes for Dolly. You will be able to get hours of fun from every page.

Any newsagent can supply this book. If he hasn't got it in stock he will order it. Tell Mother to be sure and ask for the

'BEST WAY' CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK

6^p of all Newsagents

July 11, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

11



The Bees Go Booming Through the Flowers



DI MERRYMAN

AN old lady who was using a telephone-box for the first time was delighted to find that she got her number quite easily.

"Ah," she exclaimed to the telephone girl, "as you've been so nice and attentive, my dear, I'm putting an extra penny in the box for yourself."

Nerves

A RESTLESS young ape of Nigeria, Of his jungle grew wearier and wearier; So he climbed up a tree, And shrieked "Fiddle-de-dee!" Which the natives set down to hysteria!

Hidden Fish

THE name of a fish is concealed in each of the following phrases. Can you find them?

Be calmer, O aching heart! I have seen dogs push a door open. Let's have a good frolic, O do, dear father! Our teacher rings the bell five minutes too soon. Decatur bothered the Algerines more than once. Place the crowbar below the log in order to raise it.

Solutions next week

To Know How Little We Know

A LADY once asked the late Camille Flammarion: "Can you tell me what there is behind the Moon?"

"I am afraid I can't," he answered.

"What, then, is the reason of these heavy rains from which we have suffered since the war?"

"It is difficult to say," Flammarion answered.

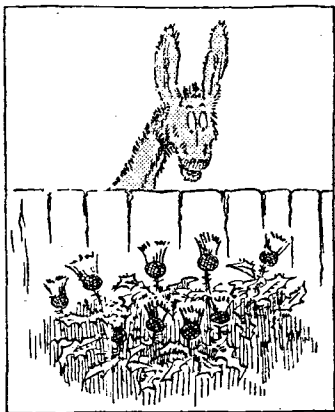
"You remember the Martians' ball last year?" said the lady. "Did the costumes seem correct to you?"

"Madame, I really do not know," answered the great astronomer.

The inquisitive lady became impatient: "You are joking, dear master," she said, "otherwise, what is the use of your being a learned man?"

"To know sometimes, madame, that one knows nothing," he replied.

Tantalising



A DONKEY looked over a fence, And he brayed "Very hard is my lot.

Why can't thistles grow thick where I am, For they seem to grow thick where I'm not!"

Not Satisfied

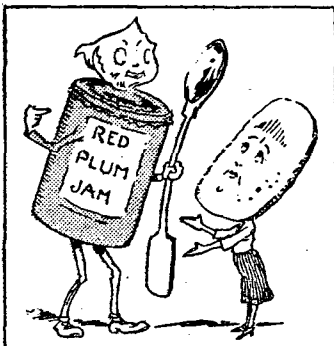
COLIN had had his hair cut. "Are you satisfied?" asked the barber.

Colin examined himself in the mirror, and, after some consideration, slowly resealed himself.

"No; I would like it rather longer, please," he said.

WHEN is a chair badly treated? When you have it caned simply because it cannot bear you.

Come-Alive Characters



"I'm looking white," sighed Slice-o'-bread, "Perhaps my health is failing. A pale face is, so I have heard, A sign a person's ailing." Smiled Pot, "To give you colour's not A difficult proceeding. Some jam spread neatly over you. Is all the cure you're needing!"

WHY is the letter F irresistible? Because it makes all fall.

What Am I?

THOUGH ocean disowns me, I sit on the sea; I reside in the forest, but not on the tree; I fly with the breezes, but not with the gale; And though at the base of a mountain I dwell, Yet never am I to be found in the vale. I'm not in the metal, whatever its kind, Yet me in Silurian silver you'll find; I'm in frost and in snow, but I am not in ice; In sunshine and summer and spring I rejoice Though not in the garden, yet still I repose In the green summer bowers, on the breast of the rose. I'm in past, I'm in present, in base and sublime, But not in eternity, neither in time; Although both with angels and mortals I'm found, I was never in heaven nor on earthly ground.

Answer next week

WHY is the letter A like the honeysuckle? Because a B follows it.

The Happy Tripper

THIS little verse appeared in the Granta, the Cambridge magazine, while the tripos examinations for degrees were being held.

O happy the skipper Who's home from the sea, And happy the kipper He has for his tea; And happy the clipper That rides by the shore; But happy as Pippa Or any young nipper You'll find is the tripper Whose tripos is o'er!

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is It? Coal

A Picture Puzzle

sHIP, aPPle, tOP, bIOT, tRAM, mUSsel.

The Outcast. An almanack

Who Was He?

The Great Painter was Thomas Gainsborough.

Jacko Has Too Much Ice Cream

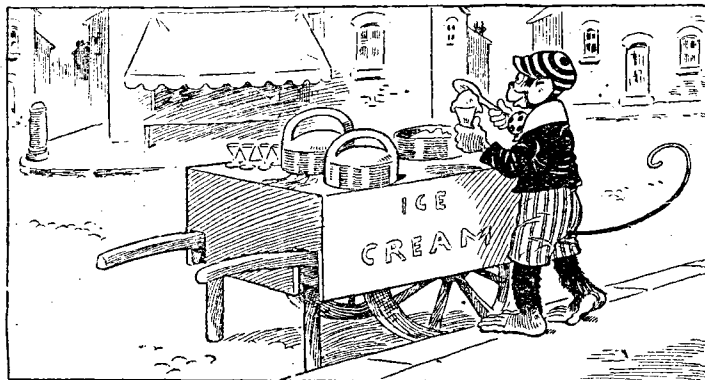
JACKO loved ices. He thought no meal was complete without them, and even went so far as to ask his mother to have ices for breakfast.

Of course, Mrs. Jacko didn't take any notice of his suggestion. She said he had got ices on the brain, and sent him round to the fishmonger's to buy some kippers for breakfast the next day.

But when Jacko saw all the ice at the fishmonger's he forgot about the kippers. He carried a big lump of ice home instead, and asked Mrs. Jacko to make ices with it!

Mrs. Jacko was very annoyed. She boxed Jacko's ears, and told him to take the ice back to the shop. And by the time he got it there most of it had melted and the fishmonger wouldn't give him the money back.

Jacko wasn't at all keen on going home and telling his mother. He hung about the streets and tried to put it off as long as possible.



Jacko's turn came pretty often

He was gloomily staring at the cakes in a shop window when a boy suddenly ran up to him.

"Will you mind my barrow for a bit?" he said.

Nothing could have pleased Jacko better—it was an ice cream barrow!

"Right you are," he sang out. And he took up his stand by the barrow and waited for customers.

It was all as easy as winking. All you had to do was to pop the ice cream between two wafers and hand it out. And you may be sure that Jacko took good care that his own turn came pretty often!

But he soon got tired of standing in one place. "I'll do better if I get a move on," he said to himself. And he trundled the barrow down the street toward the market-place.

But, funnily enough, there didn't seem to be any more customers although it was market day. The streets were strangely deserted—and Jacko soon knew why. A fierce bull had got loose, and everybody had rushed indoors.

And the bull suddenly rushed out of somebody's garden and made straight for Jacko and the barrow.

It put its horns right through the barrow and upset the ice cream all over the road—and all over Jacko!

Jacko had never been in such a mess in his life. It was a long time before he wanted another ice cream.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Animal Friends

A Scarborough family, which has adopted a motherless lamb, has had experiences that all lovers of animals will be glad to hear of.

They have a dog which the head of the household describes as "very snappy," and they were uneasy as to how it might treat the lamb when it was brought to the house.

So they made them partners at meal times. The lamb, of course, was fed from a milk bottle, and the dog was allowed to have a go at the bottle in turn. At once a strong friendship sprang up between the sharers of the bottle.

But what is more curious is that somehow all the dogs in the neighbourhood act as if they might know of the alliance between dog and lamb. All of them are exceptionally friendly with it, and it regards any dog as a chum.

Deux Animaux Amis

Une famille de Scarborough, qui a adopté un agneau sans mère, a fait une expérience qui intéressera tous ceux qui aiment les animaux.

Ces gens ont un chien que le chef de la famille déclare être "très hargneux," et ce qui les inquiétait était de savoir comment l'animal traiterait l'agneau à son arrivée chez eux.

Ils leur firent prendre leurs repas en commun. Bien entendu, l'agneau était élevé au biberon, et l'on permit au chien de le têter à son tour. Immédiatement il s'éleva une solide amitié entre les deux participants au biberon.

Mais ce qu'il y a de plus curieux c'est que, d'une façon ou d'une autre, tous les chiens du voisinage se comportent comme s'ils savaient qu'il existe une alliance entre le chien et l'agneau. Tous témoignent une amitié exceptionnelle à ce dernier, qui considère tout chien comme un camarade.

Tales Before Bedtime

Sue's Present

THE worst of being the youngest, Sue thought, was that the others always said you were too little to do things.

It was Mummy's birthday in a week. Walter was making her a real little workbox, and Sally was sewing her a pin-cushion; and even Don, who was only two years older than Sue, was painting her a picture.

"Can I make Mummy something, too?" asked Sue eagerly.

But the others said, "No, darling; you're too little. Nanny will make something for you to give her."

"I'm not too little!" cried Sue. "I shall make Mummy a real nice birthday present of my very own."

She tried to sew, but she pricked her fingers so often, and the needle got so sticky, that she had to give that up; and somehow her paints wouldn't paint properly. Then an idea came to her.

She ran as fast as she could to a little bank just behind the greenhouse, where she knew a little plant of white violets bloomed every year. Yes; there among the green leaves were quite a lot of long-stalked buds just showing white. But they were not out yet. Now, Sue knew lots about gardening, for she was great friends with the gardener, and they often had long chats together. So she raced to the kitchen to ask for an empty glass jam-jar.

Every afternoon that week, as soon as the sun went down, Sue covered up the violets with the glass jar to keep the cold night air out; and in the mornings, after breakfast, she



The buds were open

took it off and let in the sunshine. And in a few days all the buds were open!

On Mummy's plate, on her birthday morning, lay a bunch of lovely white scented violets, tied up with one of Sue's very best hair ribbons.

"Where did those lovely violets come from?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I made them," said Sue. "I grewed them myself."

And she didn't care how much the others laughed, for Mummy hugged her and said they were the sweetest violets she had ever seen.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 11, 1925

Every Thursday 2d.

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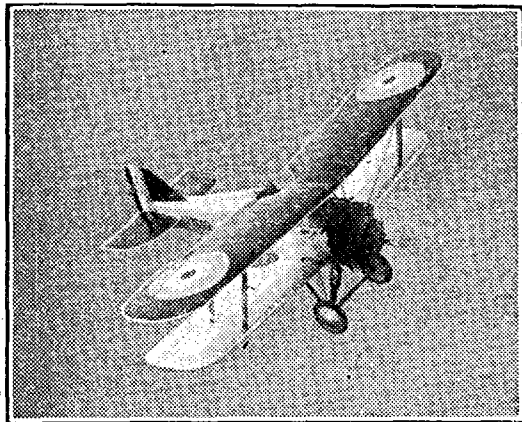
PEDESTRIAN'S REFUGE AT SEA • A DOUBLE DIVE • CRICKET CENTENARY



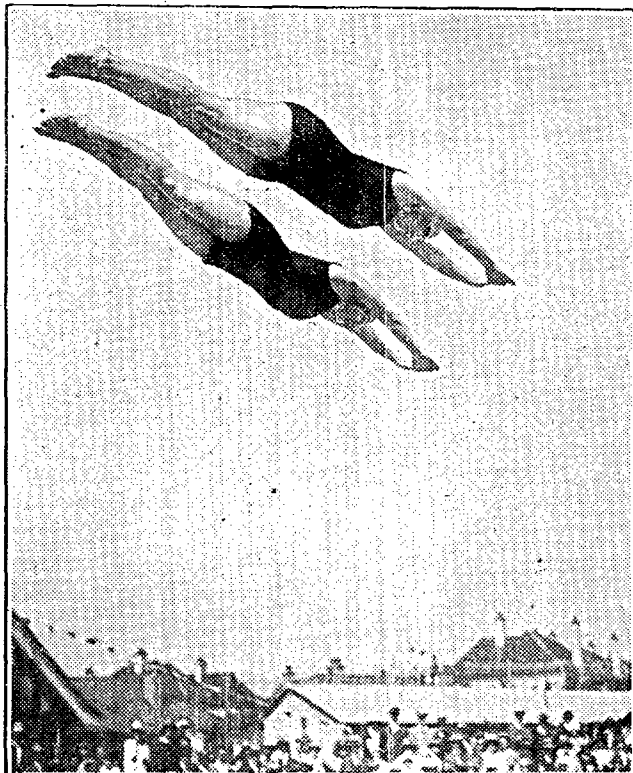
A Perch Above the Tides—Holy Island, which lies three miles from the Northumberland coast, is accessible at low water from the mainland; but the tide comes in fast and the passage is perilous. Curious crow's nests like this have therefore been provided as refuges for pedestrians who are cut off, so that they can sit high and dry till the water goes down.



Dashing Round a Corner—This remarkable photograph was taken in Ireland at the Knock Motor-cycle Club's recent meeting, which was held on the sands of Dundrum Bay, County Down. A competitor in the sidecar race is turning a corner sharply at a very high speed, and, as we can see, the sand is flying in all directions, while the wheel has risen high off the ground.



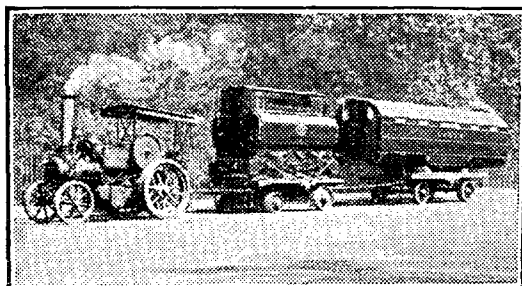
A Greyhound of the Air—This Grebe fighter with a speed of 150 miles an hour was one of the sights at the R.A.F. display at Hendon in which aeroplanes of all kinds took part.



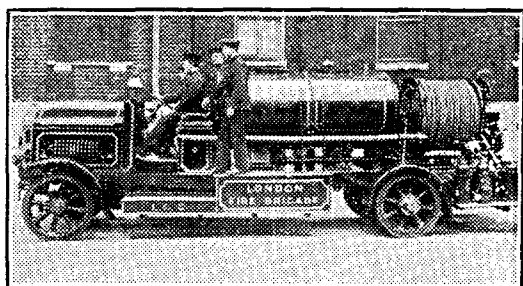
A Double High Dive—In this picture we see Miss V. M. Newman and Miss E. Armstrong, who have represented Great Britain at the Olympic Games, making a double high dive at a swimming gala at Harrow.



Digging Out London's Clay—Hampstead clay makes excellent pottery, and these women craft-workers of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute are digging it out.



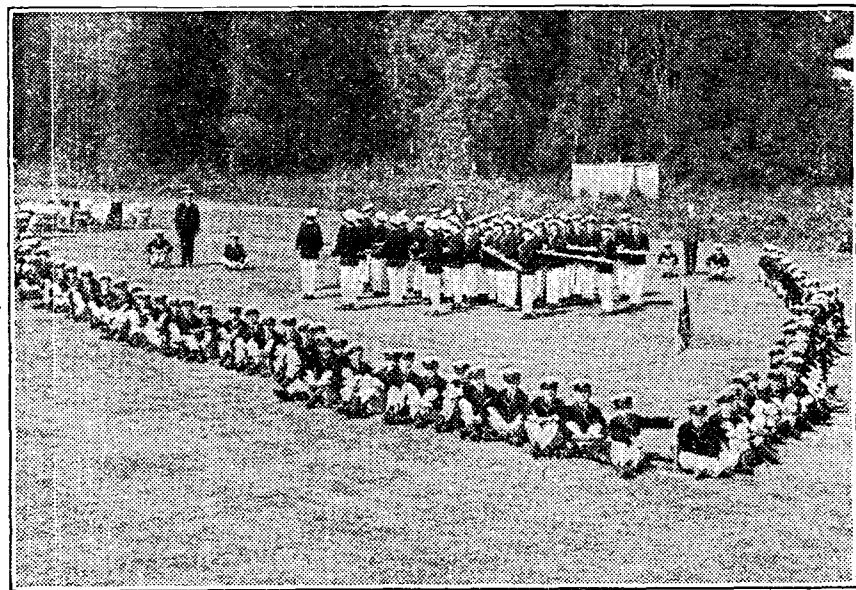
Old Locomotive Travels Again—Here the City and South London Railway's first electric engine and a coach are travelling to Darlington for the Railway Centenary.



The Foam Fire Fighter—This new London Fire Brigade tender pumps two liquids that together form a foam which blankets oil fires and puts them out, water being useless.



A Hundred Years of Cricket—A match in the costume of 1825 was held lately at Bishop's Stortford to mark the hundredth birthday of the cricket club, to which famous players like W. G. Grace and F. R. Spofforth have belonged. Cecil Rhodes was born at Stortford.



A Sea Song for Jellicoe—When Lord Jellicoe presented prizes at Pangbourne Nautical College the other week some of the cadets carried out a novel plan. Some formed the outline of a ship's bows on the grass, while others sang a sea song as they marched round the capstan.

WHAT TO DO WITH TUESDAY'S TWOPENCE—BUY THE CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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